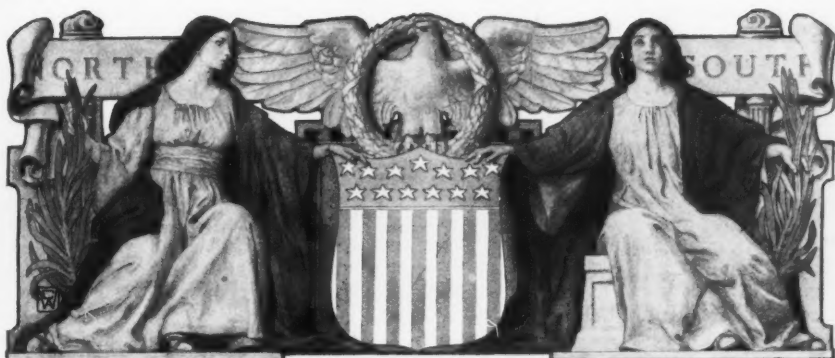


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Abraham Lincoln

By Henry Watterson

With respect to Abraham Lincoln, I, as a Southern man and a Confederate soldier, here render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, even as I would render unto God the things that are God's



HE celebration of the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln will not be bounded by sectional lines, though it will recall from many points of view the issues and incidents through which he passed in life and of which in history he remains the foremost figure. I am writing from the Southern standpoint.

All of us must realize that the years are gliding swiftly by. Only a little while and there will not be a man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle. Its passions long ago faded from manly bosoms. Meanwhile it is required of no one, whichever flag he served under, that he make renunciations dishonoring himself. Each may leave to posterity the casting of the balance between antagonistic schools of thought and

opposing camps in action, where in both the essentials of fidelity and courage were so amply met. Nor is it the part of wisdom to regret a tale that is told. The issues that evoked the strife of sections are dead issues. The conflict, which was thought to be irreconcilable and was certainly inevitable, ended more than forty years ago. It was fought to its conclusion by fearless and upright men. To some the result was logical, to others it was disappointing, to all it was final.

I

I was engaged by Mr. L. A. Gobright, the agent of the Associated Press in the national capital, to assist him and Maj. Ben Perley Poore, a well-known newspaper correspondent of those days, with their report of the inaugural ceremonies of the 4th of March, 1861. The newly elected President had ar-

rived in Washington ten days before—to be exact, the morning of the 23d of February. It was a Saturday. That same afternoon he came to the Capitol escorted by Mr. Seward, and being on the floor of the House at the time—the rules were not so strict then as now, and having the freedom of the reporters' gallery, and being personally acquainted with most of the representatives, I often went or was called there—I saw him for the first time and was, indeed, presented to him.

"You are not a member?" said he kindly, observing my extreme youth.

"No, sir," I answered, "I only hope to be."

He said, "I hope you will not be disappointed," and passed on.

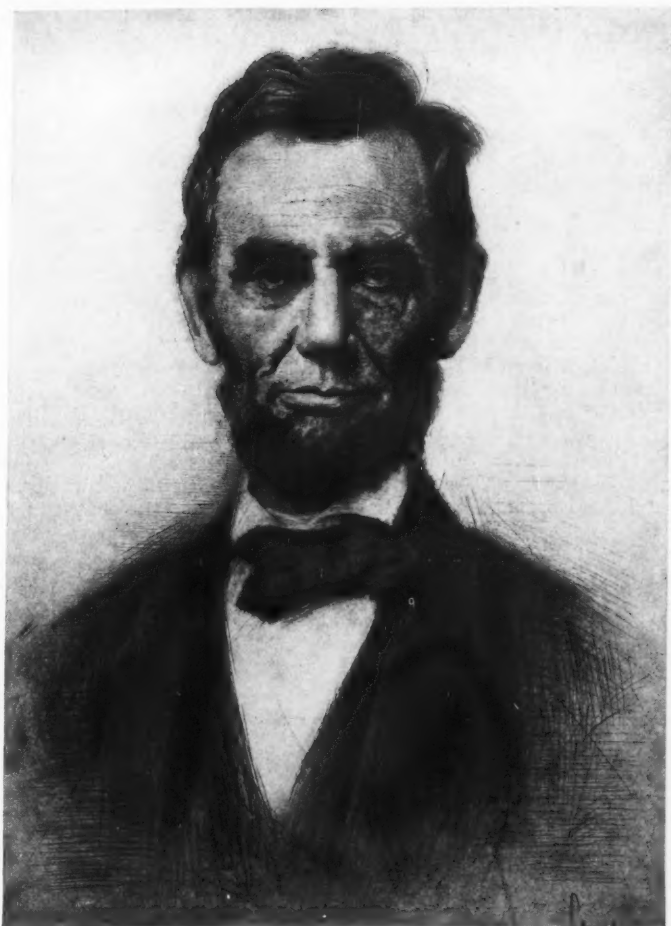
Early in the morning of the 4th of March I found thrust into the keyhole of my bedroom door a slip of paper which read, "For inaugural address see Col. Ward H. Lamon." Who was "Col. Ward H. Lamon"? I had never heard of him. The city was crowded with strangers. To find one of them was to look for a needle in a haystack. I went straight to Willard's Hotel. As I passed through the big corridor on the second floor I saw, through a half-opened door, Mr. Lincoln himself, pacing to and fro, apparently reading a manuscript. I went straight in. He was alone, and as he turned and saw me he extended his hand, called my name, and said, "What can I do for you?" I told him my errand and dilemma, showing him the brief memorandum. "Why," said he, "you have come to the right shop; Lamon is in the next room. I will introduce you to him, and he will fix you all right." No sooner said than done, and, supplied with the press copy of the inaugural address, I gratefully and gleefully took my leave.

Two hours later I found myself in the Senate Chamber, witnessing the oath of office administered to Vice-President-elect Hannibal Hamlin, and listening to his brief speech. Then I followed the cortège through the long passageway and across the rotunda to the east portico, where a special wooden platform had been erected, keeping close to Mr. Lincoln. He was tall and ungainly, wearing a black suit, a black tie beneath a turn-down collar, and a black silk hat. He carried a gold- or silver-headed walking-cane. As we came out into the open and upon the temporary stand, where there was a table upon which were a Bible, a pitcher, and a glass of water, he drew from his breast pocket the manuscript I had seen him reading at the hotel, laid it before

him, placing the cane upon it as a paper-weight, removed from their leathern case his steel-rimmed spectacles, and raised his hand—he was exceedingly deliberate and composed—to remove his hat. As he did so I lifted my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, who stood at my side, reached over my arm, took the hat, and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address, which followed.

Lincoln's self-possession was perfect. Dignity itself could not have been more unexcited. His voice was a little high pitched, but resonant, quite reaching the outer fringes of the vast crowd in front; his expression was serious to the point of gravity, not a scintillation of humor. Notwithstanding the campaign pictures of Lincoln, I was prepared to expect much. Judge Douglas had said to me, upon his return to Washington after the famous campaign of 1858 for the Illinois senatorship from which the Little Giant had come off victor, "He is the greatest debater I have ever met, either here or anywhere else."

It is only true to say that he delivered that inaugural address as though he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. To me it meant war. As the crowd upon the portico dispersed back into the Capitol I was wedged in between John Bell, of Tennessee, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. Each took me by the arm, and we sat down upon a bench just inside the rotunda. They were very optimistic. No, there would be no war, no fight; all the troubles would be tided over; the country still was safe. I was a boy, just one and twenty. They were the two ablest and most renowned of the surviving Whig leaders of the school of Clay and Webster, one of them just defeated for President in the preceding election. Their talk marveled me greatly, for to my mind there seemed no escape from the armed collision of the sections, secession being already accomplished and a Confederate government actually established. There is in youth a prophetic instinct which grows duller with advancing years. As I look behind me I not only bear this in mind, illustrated by the talk of those two veteran statesmen that day in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, but I feel it and realize it, so that I am much less confident, with a lifetime of experience to guide me, than I was when buoyed up by the ignorance and bravery, but also the inspiration, of youth, the problems ahead read plain and clear as out of an open book.



*From an etching by Otto F. Schneider
Copyright, 1906, by Charles Harmore, New York*

Abraham Lincoln

II

DURING the next three months I saw and heard Mr. Lincoln often in public, and on several occasions was thrown with him in private companies. He looked the picture of health. Serenity, however, not levity, was the prevailing mood with him. To me he seemed a wholly resolute man. There was in his habitual kindness a most unfailing and very firm note. I do not believe that at any turning he hoped for a reconciliation between the

leaders of the North and the South, who were already stripped for a fight. He had carefully measured the forces of combat, and made up his mind both as to his duty and the situation.

On either side it was a play for time and advantage. The signal-gun was at length fired by the South in Charleston Harbor. Promptly upon the attack upon Sumter came the call for troops from the White House. Extremism was destined to have its way. At last it had won. Blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people. Abraham Lincoln and Jeffer-

son Davis were perhaps the only men who thoroughly understood what was about to happen.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lincoln was but fifty-two years of age. His practical knowledge of national affairs had been limited to a single term in Congress. His nomination and election to the presidency were regarded as accidental; he as an untutored, a very homely and awkward, child of fortune. Seward and Chase, Fessenden and Trumbull, Simon Cameron and Zachariah Chandler were, each in his way, the accepted authorities of the time. There was not a member of his cabinet who did not consider himself a bigger man than his master. Even so keen an observer as Seward wholly missed the dominating features of the chief he had reluctantly come to serve until he got his answer in that queer letter of the 1st of April, 1861, which, as by a flash of lightning, revealed the truth and brought him to his intellectual knees, never to rise again. Somehow, I had a great impression of Mr. Lincoln from the first, and during the four succeeding years of war, though serving on the opposite side, this never left me.

Toward the preparation of an address upon Abraham Lincoln, desired in 1895 by the Lincoln Union of Chicago, though I thought I understood his life and character very well, it seemed prudent to gather whatever I might of a biographic description. There could

not have been fewer than half a thousand volumes and pamphlets. These were replete with contradictions and discrepancies. Even the epoch-making work of Nicolay and Hay was imperfect through lack of data discovered after it had gone to press. The "call" for a complete life seemed as urgent as it was apparent, and in 1896, believing that my exit from daily newspaper work would be final, I went to Geneva in Switzerland, where my children were at school, to obtain leisure and repose for the composition of such a volume or volumes. Subsequent events quite diverted me from my purpose, but I penetrated the subject at that time far enough to be struck by the mass of inconsistencies staring me in the face, and the need for a connected story separating the tangled web of fact and falsehood and partly at least removing the incongruities of prejudice and partyism.

Nothing, for example, has been more misrepresented and misconceived than Lincoln's

pedigree and birth. Some confusion was originally made by his own mistake touching the marriage of his father and mother, which had not been celebrated in Hardin County, but in Washington County, Kentucky, the absence of any marriage papers in the court-house at Elizabethtown, the county-seat of Hardin County, leading to the notion that there had never been any marriage at all. It is easy to conceive how such a discrepancy might occasion any amount and all sorts of campaign lying,



EARLY HOME OF LINCOLN, ELIZABETHTOWN, KENTUCKY
His father built this cabin and moved into it when Abraham was an infant. Here the family lived till the removal to Indiana when the boy was seven years of age

these distorted accounts winning popular belief among the ignorant and inflamed. Lincoln himself died without knowing that he was born not only in honest wedlock, but of an ancestry upon both sides of which he had no reason to be ashamed.

The name of Lincoln came from excellent sources, and was borne by good people. The Lincolns were among those who overcrowded Norwich jail in England because "they would not accept the ritual prepared for them by the bishop"; who pelted the tax-collector with stones, and finally, in order to "rid themselves of an odious government," bravely sailed out of Yarmouth Harbor in 1636, crossed the ocean, and founded the colony of Hingham, in Massachusetts. Descendants of these landowners, wheelwrights, and ironmongers migrated southward into New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and at last into Kentucky. The Abraham Lincoln who was fifth in descent from Samuel Lincoln, of Hingham, and who had become owner of considerable tracts of land in Kentucky, fell by the bullet of a lurking Indian in the sight of his three boys, Mordecai, Joseph, and Thomas, the latter a sixteen-year-old lad who was saved by the timely crack of the rifle in the hands of his elder brother, to become the father of the future President.

Thomas Lincoln was not the irresponsible ne'er-do-well that most of the biographers of Lincoln have represented him. A fairer estimate has yet to be made. Nor was the Hanks family so obscure as used to be thought.

For a long time a cloud hung over the name of Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Persistent investigation has, however, brought about a vindication in every way complete. We owe this largely to the researches of three women, Mrs. Hobart Vawter, Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, and Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

Mrs. Vawter's grandmother was Sarah Mitchell, of Kentucky, a second cousin to Nancy Hanks. She it was who discovered the marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln and the marriage record of Jesse Head, the Methodist minister who officiated at the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the 12th of June, 1806. Mrs. Hitchcock took upon herself the task of tracing the genealogy of the Hanks family, thus throwing a flood of light upon the maternal ancestry of Abraham Lincoln, and consequently upon the foundations of his character and genius.

It is related that two brothers of the name of Hanks received "the commoners' rights in Malmsbury" for service rendered in defeating the Danes, and we are told that the name of Athelstan, grandson of Al-

fred, was on the deed. Thomas Hanks, a descendant, who was a soldier under Cromwell, had a grandson who came to America in 1699. This Benjamin Hanks became the father of twelve children, the third of whom was William, born February 11, 1704; William migrated to Pennsylvania, and his son, John Hanks, married Sarah, a daughter of Cadwallader Evans and Sarah Morris. The record reads, "John Hanks, yeoman, Sarah



By courtesy of Pearson's Magazine

JUDGE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

Lincoln's opponent in the famous debates on the problems of slavery, which led to the foundation of Lincoln's national reputation



From the painting by A. H. Ritchie, in possession of G. W. H. Ritchie, Esq.

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN



1 President Lincoln
2 Hon Cideon Welles Sec'y of the Navy
3 John Hay Esq Pres's private Sec'y
4 Hon E M Stanton Sec'y of War
5 Rev D'Curcy
6 Gen Farnsworth MC from Ill
7 Cov Ogilby of Ill

8 Gen Todd
9 Rufus Andrews Esq
10 Hon W T Otto Asst Sec'y of the Interior
11 Hon W Denison Postmaster Genl
12 Judge D K Caster
13 Maj Gen Halleck
14 Capt Robert Lincoln

15 D'Leale
16 Hon Charles Sumner
17 D'Crane Asst Surg Gen
18 Gov Farwell of Wis
19 Hon J P Usher Sec'y of the Interior
20 Maj Gen August
21 Maj Gen Meigs

22 Mounsel B Field Esq
23 Hon Schuyler Colfax
24 Hon James Speed Atty Gen
25 D' R K Stone
26 Hon H M Callough Sec'y of the Treasury
27 Surg Gen Barnes

KEY TO "THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Evans, spinster." A grandchild of this union was Joseph Hanks, who was borne southwestward upon the tide of emigration, headed by Daniel Boone. Joseph Hanks crossed the mountains with his family of eight children, horses, herds of cattle, and household goods. He had bought one hundred and fifty acres of land near Elizabethtown, Kentucky. The youngest of the eight children was little Nancy, who was five years of age when they left the Valley of Virginia. After four years of home-making in the wilderness, Joseph came to his death. His will, dated January 9, 1793, probated May 14, 1793, has been discovered, and a facsimile appears in Mrs. Hitchcock's book. This document settles once and forever the legitimacy of the parentage of Nancy Hanks.

The mother survived the father but a few months, and the orphaned Nancy, then nine years old, found a home with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Berry, near Springfield, Kentucky, Mrs. Berry being her mother's sister. Here she lived, a happy and industrious girl, until she was twenty-three years of age, when Thomas Lincoln, who had learned his carpenter's trade of one of her uncles, married her on June 12, 1806. The whole official record is still in existence. The marriage bond, to the extent of fifty pounds, required by the laws of Kentucky at that time, signed by Thomas Lincoln and Richard Berry, was duly recorded seven days before. The wedding was celebrated as became prosperous country folk. The uncle and aunt gave

an "infare," to which the neighbors were bidden. Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, of Louisville, who died in 1885 (he was the father-in-law of the late Governor Bramlette and of ex-United States Senator Blackburn, now governor of Panama), wrote at my request his remembrances of that festival and testified to this before a notary in the ninety-eighth year of his age. He said:

"I know Nancy Hanks to have been virtuous, respectable, and of good parentage, and I knew Jesse Head, Methodist preacher of Springfield, who performed the ceremony. The house in which the ceremony was performed was a large one for those days. Jesse Head was a noted man—able to own slaves, but did not on principle. At the festival there was bear-meat, venison, wild turkey, duck, and a sheep that two families barbecued over the coals of wood burned in a pit and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in."

The traditions of the neighborhood tell us that Nancy's disposition and habits were considered a dowry. She was an adept at spinning flax, and at spinning-parties, to which ladies brought their wheels, she generally bore away the palm, "her spools yielding the longest and finest thread."

She was above the average in education. She became a great reader, absorbed Æsop's Fables, loved the Bible and the hymn-book, possessed a sweet voice, and was fond of singing hymns. Old people remembered her as having a "gentle and trusting nature." A grandson of Joseph, Nancy's brother, once

*I do hereby certify that by Authority of License
 Issued from the Clerks Office of Washington Co I
 have solemnized the rites of Matrimony between
 Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, June
 12th 1806 at D. agreeable to the rites and ceremonies
 of the Methodist Episcopal Church witness
 my hand*

J. H. Ad D. M. C.

By courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS

said to Joshua F. Speed, from whom it came to me:

"My grandfather always spoke of his angel sister Sarah with emotion. She taught him to read. He often told us children stories of their life together."

The first child of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln was a daughter, Sarah. Three years after marriage arrived the boy, Abraham. Another son, named Thomas, was born; he lived but a few months, though long enough indelibly and tenderly to touch the heart of the elder brother. Before the Lincolns started to seek a new home in Indiana he remembered his mother taking him and his sister by the hand, walking across the hills, and sitting down and weeping over the grave of the little babe she was to leave behind forever.

The last recorded words of Nancy Lincoln were words of cheer. A few days before her death she went to visit a sick neighbor. This neighbor was most despondent. She thought she would not live long. Said Mrs. Lincoln: "Oh, you will live longer than I. Cheer up." And so it proved. The dread milk-sickness stalked abroad, smiting equally human beings and cattle. Uncle Thomas and Aunt Betsy Sparrow both died within a few days of each other. Soon the frail but heroic mother was taken to bed. "She struggled on day by day, but on the seventh day she died," says the brief account. There was not a physician within thirty-five miles; no minister within a hundred miles. Placing her hand on the head of the little boy, nine years old, "I am going away from you, Abraham," she said, "and I shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy; that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you and to love your Heavenly Father."

Thomas Lincoln saw the boards with his whip-saw from the trees he felled, and with his own hands made the coffins for the Sparrows and for his wife.

Pitiable story; one can scarce read it with dry eyes, but it lifts the veil forever from the cruel mystery which so long clouded the memory of Nancy Hanks. I here dwell upon it and give the details, because it ought to be known to every American who would have the truth of history fulfilled.

III

THE war of sections, inevitable to the conflict of systems but long delayed by the compromises of patriotism, did two things which surpass in importance and value all other things: it confirmed the Federal Union as a nation and it brought the American people to the fruition of their manhood. Before that war we were a huddle of petty sovereignties held together by a rope of sand; we were as a community of children playing at government. Hamilton felt it, Marshall feared it, Clay ignored it, Webster evaded it. Their passionate clinging to the Constitution and the flag, bond and symbol of an imperfect if not tentative compact, confessed it. They were the intellectual progenitors of Abraham Lincoln. He became the incarnation of the brain and soul of the Union. "My paramount object," said he, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that."

In the sense of security which his travail

and martyrdom achieved for us we are apt to forget that it was not a localized labor system but institutional freedom which was at stake; that African slavery was the merest relic of a semi-barbarism shared in the beginning by all the people, but at length driven by certain laws of nature and trade into a corner, where it was making a stubborn but futile stand; that the real issue was free government, made possible by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and inseparable from the maintenance of the Union. If the Union failed, freedom failed.

The trend of modern thought was definitely set against human slavery; but outside the American Union the idea of human freedom had gone no farther than limited monarchy. Though he came to awaken the wildest passions of the time, the negro was but an incident—never a principal—to the final death-grapple between the North and the South.

No man of his time understood this so perfectly, embodied it so adequately, as Abraham Lincoln. The primitive abolitionists saw only one side of the shield, the original secessionists only the other side. Lincoln saw both sides. His political philosophy was expounded in four elaborate speeches: one delivered at Peoria, Illinois, the 16th of October, 1854; one at Springfield, Illinois, the 16th of June, 1858; one at Columbus, Ohio, the 16th of September, 1859; and one at Cooper Institute, in New York city, the 27th of February, 1860. Of course he made many speeches and very good speeches, but these four, progressive in character, contain the sum and sub-

stance of his creed touching the organic character of the government and at the same time express his personal and party view of contemporary affairs. They show him to have been an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leanings; a thorough anti-slavery man, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. To the last he hewed to the line thus laid down.

It is essential to a complete understanding of Mr. Lincoln's relation to the time and of

his place in the history of the country that the student peruse closely those four speeches: they underlie all that passed in the famous debate with Douglas, all that their author said and did after he succeeded to the presidency. They will always stand as masterpieces of popular oratory. The debate with Douglas, however—assuredly the most extraordinary intellectual spectacle in the annals of our party warfare—best tells the story and crystallizes it. Lincoln entered the canvass un-



CHAIR IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SITTING WHEN
HE WAS SHOT

known outside of the state of Illinois. He ended it renowned from one end of the land to the other.

Judge Douglas was himself unsurpassed as a ready debater, but in that campaign, from first to last, he was at a serious disadvantage. His bark rode an ebbing tide, Lincoln's a flowing tide. African slavery had become the single issue now; and, as I have said, the trend of modern thought was against slavery. The Democrats seemed hopelessly divided. The Little Giant had to face a triangular opposition embracing the Republicans, the Administration, or Buchanan, Democrats, and a rem-

nant of the old Whigs, who fancied that their party was still alive and might hold some kind of a balance of power. Judge Douglas called the combination the "allied army," and declared that he would deal with it "just as the Russians dealt with the allies at Sebastopol; that is, the Russians did not stop to inquire, when they fired a broadside, whether it hit an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Turk." It was something more than a witticism when Mr. Lincoln rejoined, "In that case, I beg he will indulge us while we suggest to him that those allies took Sebastopol."

He followed this center-shot with volley after volley, of exposition so clear, of reasoning so close, of illustration so homely and sharp, and, at times, of humor so incisive, that, though he lost his election—though the allies did not then take Sebastopol—his defeat counted for more than Douglas's victory, for it made him the logical and successful candidate for President of the United States two years later.

What could be more captivating to an outdoor audience than Lincoln's description "of the two persons who stand before the people as candidates for the Senate," to quote his prefatory words? "Judge Douglas," he said, "is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party . . . have been looking upon him as certainly . . . to be President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargeships, and foreign missions bursting and spreading out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope; but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him and give him marches, triumphal entries and receptions, beyond what in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting."

As the debate advanced, these cheery tones deepened into harsher notes; crimination and recrimination followed; the gladiators were strung to their utmost tension. They became dreadfully in earnest. Personal collision was narrowly avoided. I have recently gone over the entire debate, and with a feeling I

can only describe as most contemplative, most melancholy.

I knew Judge Douglas well; I admired, respected, loved him. I shall never forget the day he quitted Washington to go to his home in Illinois to return no more. We sat down together in a doorway. "What are you going to do?" said he. "Judge Douglas," I answered, "we have both fought to save the Union; you in your great way and I in my small way; and we have lost. I am going to my home in the mountains of Tennessee, where I have a few books, and there I mean to stay." Tears were in his eyes, and his voice trembled like a woman's. He was then a dying man. He had burned the candle at both ends; an eager, ardent, hard-working, pleasure-loving man; and though not yet fifty the candle was burned out. His infirmities were no greater than those of Mr. Clay; not to be mentioned with those of Mr. Webster. But he lived in more exacting times. The old-style party organ, with its mock heroics and its dull respectability, its beggarly array of empty news columns and cheap advertising, had been succeeded by that unsparing, telltale scandal-monger, *Modern Journalism*, with its myriad of hands and eyes, its vast retinue of detectives, and its quick transit over flashing wires, annihilating time and space. Too fierce a light beat upon the private life of public men, and Douglas suffered from this, as Clay and Webster, Silas Wright and Franklin Pierce had not suffered.

The presidential bee was in his bonnet, certainly; but its buzzing there was not noisier than in the bonnets of many other great Americans who have been dazzled by the presidential mirage. His plans and schemes came to naught. He died at the moment when the death of those plans and schemes was made more palpable and impressive by the roar of cannon proclaiming the reality of the "irrepressible conflict" he had refused to foresee and had struggled to avert. His lifelong rival was at the head of affairs. No one has found occasion to come to the rescue of his fame. No party interest has been identified with his memory. But when the truth of history is written, it will be told that, no less than Webster and Clay, he, too, was a patriotic man, who loved his country and tried to save the Union. He tried to save the Union, even as Webster and Clay had tried to save it, by compromises and expedients. It was too late. That string was played out. Where they had succeeded he failed; but, for the nobility of

his intention, the amplitude of his resources, the splendor of his combat, he merits all that any leader of a losing cause ever gained in the regard of posterity; and posterity will not deny him the title of statesman.

In those famous debates it was Titan against Titan; and, perusing them after the lapse of forty years, the philosophic and impartial critic will conclude which got the better of it, Lincoln or Douglas, much according to his sympathy with the one or the other. If Douglas had lived he would have become as Lincoln's right hand. Already, when he died, Lincoln was beginning to look to him and to lean upon him. Four years later they were joined together again on fame's eternal camping-ground, each followed to the grave by a mourning people.

IV

As I have said, Abraham Lincoln was an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong free-soil opinions, never an extremist or an abolitionist. He was what they used to call in those old days "a Conscience Whig." He stood in awe of the Constitution and his oath of office. Hating slavery, he recognized its legal existence and its rights under the compact of the organic law. He wanted gradually to extinguish it, not to despoil those who held it as a property interest. He was so faithful to these principles that he approached emancipation not only with anxious deliberation, but with many misgivings. He issued his final proclamation as a military necessity; and even then, so fair

was his nature, he was meditating some kind of restitution.

Thus it came about that he was the one man in public life who could have taken the helm of affairs in 1861 handicapped by none of the resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. While Seward, Chase, Sumner, and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Southern leaders at

Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of events from afar, and, like a philosopher and a statesman, his mind was irradiated and sweetened by the sense of humor. Throughout the contention that preceded the war, amid the passions inevitable to the war itself, not one bitter, proscriptive word escaped his lips or fell from his pen, while there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

Under date of February 2, 1848, from the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, when he was serving as a member of Congress, he wrote this short note to Herndon, his law partner at Springfield:

DEAR WILLIAM: I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's [that was Stephen T., not John A.] has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes [he was then not quite thirty-seven years of age] are full of tears yet.

Thereafter he had a great opinion of Alexander H. Stephens and a high regard for him.

After that famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate commissioners,



HOUSE, 516 TENTH STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED

Vice-President Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, Lincoln took the "slim, pale-faced, consumptive man" aside and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said, "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

In the preceding conversation he had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based the suggestion upon a plan he already had in hand to appropriate four hundred million dollars for that purpose.

Many foolish and overzealous persons put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement when it was first made by me many years ago. It admits of no possible denial. Mr. Lincoln took with him to Fortress Monroe two documents that still exist in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself when the joint resolution had been enacted. These formed no part of the discussion at Hampton Roads, because Mr. Stephens told Mr. Lincoln they were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the Confederacy. "In that case, Stephens," said Lincoln sadly, "I am guiltless of every drop of blood that may be shed from this onward." Thus in point of fact the conference died before it was actually born. But Mr. Lincoln was so filled with the idea that next day, when he had returned to Washington, he submitted his two documents to the members of the cabinet. Excepting Mr. Seward, they could not agree with him. He said: "Why, gentlemen, how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end this side of a hundred days, is it? It is costing us four millions a day. There are the four hundred millions, not counting the loss of life and property in the meantime. But you are all against me, and I will not press the matter upon you."

I have not at any time cited this indisputable fact of history to attack, or even to criticize, the policy of the Confederate government, but simply to illustrate the wise magnanimity and the far-reaching sense of justice which distinguished the character of Abraham Lincoln.

V

TRAGEDY herself hung over the humble pallet—for cradle he had none—on which the

baby Lincoln lay, nestled with him in his mother's arms, followed him to the little grave in the wildwood, and attended him to the fall of the curtain in the brilliantly lighted theater at the national capital. "Now he is with the ages," said Stanton in the gray dawn of the winter day as the stertorous breathing ceased and the great heart was stilled forever. His life had been an epic in homespun; his death, like that of Cæsar, beggars the arts and resources of Melpomene of the mimic scene.

"Within the narrow compass of that stage-box that night," says John Hay, "were five human beings: the most illustrious of modern heroes crowned with the most stupendous victory of modern times; his beloved wife, proud and happy; two betrothed lovers with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and a young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmus, the idol of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness and ease was upon the entire group; but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company. . . . Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly; fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn. The stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac!"

Had Lincoln lived? In that event it is quite certain that there would have been no era of reconstruction, with its repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the bloody cue of his taking off to mount the steeds and spur the flanks of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the Southern states—to use his familiar phraseology—"should come back home and behave themselves," and if he had lived he would have made this wish effectual as he made everything effectual to which he seriously addressed himself.

His was the genius of common sense. Of admirable intellectual aplomb, he sprang from a Virginia pedigree and was born in Kentucky. He knew all about the South, its insti-

tutions, its traditions, and its peculiarities. "If slavery be not wrong," he said, "nothing is wrong," but he also said, and reiterated it time and again: "I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us we would not instantly give it up."

His idea of paying the South for the slaves did not by any means originate with the proposal he was prepared to make at Fortress Monroe. It had been all along in his mind. He believed the North equally guilty with the South for the existence of slavery. He clearly understood that the irrepressible conflict was a conflict of systems, not merely a sectional and partisan quarrel. He was a considerate man, abhorring proscription. He wanted to leave the South no right to claim that the North, finding slave-labor unremunerative, had sold its negroes to the South and then turned about and by force of arms confiscated what it had unloaded at a profit. He recognized slavery as property. In his message to Congress of December, 1862, he proposed payment for the slaves, elaborating a scheme in detail and urging it with copious and cogent argument. "The people of the South," said he, addressing a war Congress at that moment in the throes of bloody strife with the South, "are not more responsible for the original introduction of this property than are the people of the North, and, when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the South has been more responsible than the North for its continuance."

This is the language not only of justice, but of far-reaching statesmanship.

VI

SOMETHING more than two hundred and sixty years ago there arrived at the front of affairs in England one Cromwell. In the midst of monarchy he made a republic. It had no progenitor. It left no heirs at law. It was succeeded, as it had been preceded, by a line of sovereigns. But from the Commonwealth of Cromwell date the confirmation and the consolidation of the principles of liberty wrung by the barons from John, their

unwilling king. From the Commonwealth of Cromwell date the grandeur and the power of the English fabric, the enlightened and progressive conservatism of the English Constitution, the sturdy independence of the English people. Why such cost of blood and treasure for an interval of freedom so equivocal and brief puzzled the wisest men and remained for centuries a mystery, though it is plain enough now and was long ago conceded, so that at last—dire rebel though he was—the name of Cromwell, held in execration through two hundred years, has a place in the history of the English-speaking races along with the names of William the Conqueror and Richard of the Lion Heart.

That which it took England two centuries to realize we in America have demonstrated within a single generation. Northerner or Southerner, none of us need fear that the future will fail to vindicate our integrity. When those are gone that fought the good fight, and philosophy comes to strike the balance-sheet, it will be shown that the makers of the Constitution left the relation of the states to the federal government and of the federal government to the states open to a double construction. It will be told how the mistaken notion that slave-labor was requisite to the profitable cultivation of sugar, rice, and cotton raised a paramount property interest in the Southern section of the Union, while in the Northern section, responding to the impulse of modern thought and the outer movements of mankind, there arose a great moral sentiment against slavery. The conflict thus established, gradually but surely sectionalizing party lines, was wrought to its bitter and bloody conclusion at Appomattox.


The battle was long though unequal. Let us believe that it was needful to make us a nation. Let us look upon it as into a mirror, seeing not the desolation of the past, but the radiance of the present; and in the heroes of the New North and the New South who contested in generous rivalry up the fire-swept steep of El Caney and side by side reemblazoned the national character in the waters about Corregidor Island and under the walls of Cavite, let us behold hostages for the Old North and the Old South blent together in a Union that reckons not of the four points of the compass, having long ago flung its geography into the sea.



The Grand Orchestra in America

THE SYMPHONIC CONCERT IS COMING TO BE A DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF AMERICAN CITY LIFE. WE PROMISE VERY SOON TO LEAD THE WHOLE WORLD IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF ART

By Charles Edward Russell



IN Boston last winter a lady of the highest consideration was entertaining one from the pathless wilds of Chicago, a friend and visitor. In the course of which experience Mrs. Backbay one night took Mrs. Dearborn out to the far-famed temple of musical art that shines in Huntington Avenue.

"This must be a great treat to you," observed Mrs. Backbay graciously, in the intermission.

"What must be?" asked Chicago, looking wonderingly about her.

"Why, this—this opportunity to hear a great orchestra—and you so much interested in music."

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Dearborn meditatively. "I've been hearing as great an orchestra as this twenty-six weeks in the year for seventeen years, so it isn't a rare treat, anyway."

"Where?" said Boston, with cultured eyebrows arched.

"Chicago," said Mrs. Dearborn sweetly.

"Ah!" said Boston, who plainly thought her Chicago friend was inventing monstrous untruths. So would have thought almost any Bostonian; so would have thought almost any New Yorker or other resident of the East. And yet she was not; she was but stating with

due modesty a simple if somewhat astonishing fact.

The truth is that while humbly we have accepted and dutifully we have repeated the good old formula that in America there is no art and no art feeling and no sympathy nor anything else worth talking about, in

one, and that a very important, department of art we have been making such strides and doing such wonderful things that we promise shortly to lead the world therein. No doubt, as we have been so often and so pleasantly assured, we are children and barbarians and villagers about other things, but when we come to orchestral music there is an indubitable record of solid achievement of a nature to give detractors pause and none the less notable because we never refer to it. And this remains perfectly true and a basis whereon to challenge the world's scrutiny whether we consider the extent of public interest aroused, the extent of public support, or the frequency of public performance.

As observe: In the city of New York, counting the two opera-house orchestras (which give classical program concerts every Sunday night), there are nine grand orchestras of the symphony grade. That is a larger number of such orchestras than can be found in any other city in the world. Even omitting the opera-house orchestras and limiting the inquiry to the independent orchestras that give regular seasons of symphonic concerts, the numerical supremacy of New York remains unquestionable. Mr. Damrosch's New York Symphony, the Philharmonic, the Russian Symphony, the People's Symphony, the Volpé Symphony, and two others, play each its regular season every year. This is really an extraordinary showing. It deserves more attention than it has received.

As soon as we pass from the metropolis, or



from Boston, we shall find that almost every considerable city has now its symphony orchestra, maintained not for profit but by public subscription as a public educator and playing yearly its series of advanced music. You have probably never heard of this, yet it is true and one of the most illuminating facts of our times. What think you, complacent Easterner, of great, successful, high-grade symphony orchestras in St. Paul, Minneapolis, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Seattle, and even in Duluth, once the scorned "Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas"? What think you of Richard Strauss played and understood and appreciated as much in a new town just upspring from the prairies as in Munich itself? Worth thinking about, is it not? —for a nation of barbarians and dollar-hunters, I mean. And consider that all of these orchestras were voluntarily organized and are voluntarily supported by the public interest and good-will. It is not so in Europe, where, on the Continent at least, the orchestra is maintained partly or wholly by the municipality or the state. We give of our own substance and at our own impulse to support our orchestras, and the Continental cities have theirs provided for them by the government. That is not so bad, is it, for a nation of barbarians?

Furthermore, we may note that one American city has done for orchestral music what no other city in the world has ever done. Where else could you find a community willing and able to raise \$750,000 by popular subscription for the permanent endowment of

an orchestra? It was Chicago, the misunderstood and maligned, Chicago of all the cities of the world, that thus testified to the fervor of its interest in orchestral art and to its loyalty to Theodore Thomas. The next time you are regaled with denunciations of the state of art and civilization in America you might casually refer to this interesting fact. When the test came in Chicago the people of little means and moderate means and no means to speak of put their hands into their pockets

and by their own sacrifices did for music what the government does in Europe. And I doubt if I could mention a more impressive circumstance than this, that among the contributors were hundreds of badly paid and overworked school-teachers.

There is still more to come. It was an American orchestra that introduced the low pitch and thereby did so much to improve and further orchestral music; and it was an American orchestra that first made orchestral playing a separate, dignified, and specialized profession. Previ-

ously in America, as generally in Europe now, a man played in an orchestra as a side employment or perhaps as a diversion. Mr. Thomas signed the members of his Chicago orchestra to play under him and to do nothing else except to teach. He secured all of their time and all of their attention and made it the business of their lives to rehearse and prepare for his concerts. All of this required an expenditure of money far beyond any precedent in such enterprises, but the people of Chicago furnished the means and stead-



THEODORE THOMAS

"The father of the orchestra in America"



ANTON SEIDL

Successor to Theodore Thomas in the leadership of the New York Philharmonic



LEOPOLD DAMROSCH

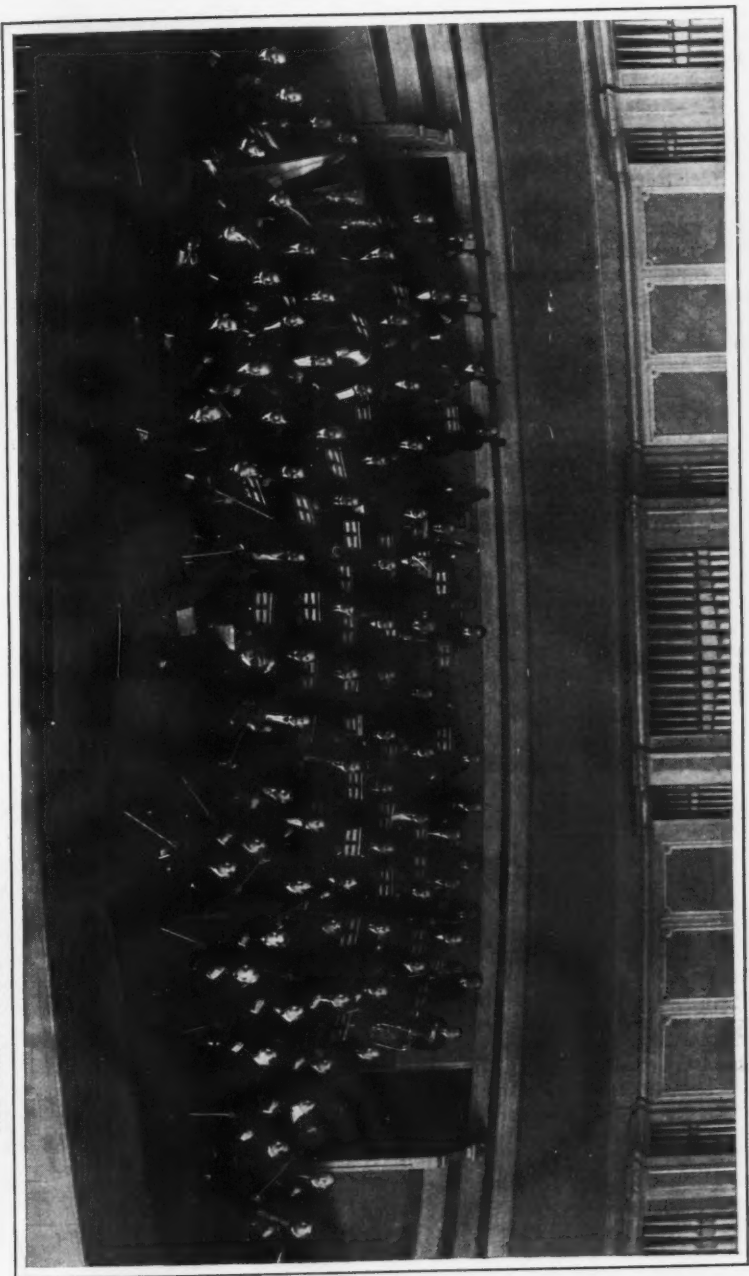
Founder of the New York Symphony Society and father of German opera in New York

fastly supported the experiment, even when the salaries soared to unheard-of figures.

The great leaders and great virtuosos of Europe know of the good work of the American orchestras if we do not, and are glad to come here and take part in performances of genuine worth. No higher encomium could be framed for any orchestra than Richard Strauss, with obvious sincerity, bestowed upon two of the organizations he conducted as a guest when he visited America four years ago, and such men as Paderewski, De Pachmann, and Hofmann have repeatedly testified to the joy they have had in their work with American musicians. They know, too, something of the long list of now standard compositions that have had their first performance and first recognition in America, and what the American orchestra has done to spread the appreciation of a long line of modern composers from Rubinstein to Sinding and Svendsen. Year by year all this is being surpassed by new records. The cities that have orchestras feel in them steadily increasing pride and interest and give to them steadily increasing support. So rapidly grows the number of grand orchestras that only the specialists maintain any knowledge of this most significant development of our culture.

The orchestra is coming to be a feature of American city life, perhaps the most distinguishing and satisfying feature, tending to balance the curse of our unkempt and ragged town exteriors and to exalt us with a new and righteous influence.

There could be no adequate sketch of the grand orchestra that did not pay a tribute to Theodore Thomas, practically speaking the father of the orchestra in America. He did not create it, but he introduced and developed and extended it, and above all he made it intelligible to the public, spreading abroad the understanding of and the taste for orchestral art, patiently teaching its rudiments and by exposition making clear its principles. Mr. Thomas was a very modest man and seldom felt that his achievement bore any relation to his desire or his ideal, but if he could return among us now even he could hardly fail to admit the extraordinary fruits of his life-work. He led orchestras not for a livelihood, but with the zeal of a missionary making converts to the cause of beauty, and on the success of his long, active, and beneficent career has been based every great American orchestra of later days. He laid the foundation and made the building possible, for he was a great man and a great



A TYPICAL GRAND ORCHESTRA—THE THEODORE THOMAS OF CHICAGO. FREDERICK STOCK, CONDUCTOR

nature, who had his appointed work in interpretation, as Wagner had his in creation.

How really imposing the superstructure has become few of us are likely to realize, for orchestral art is both local and unpretending, and its records are in the souls of its hearers and not in things visible to the casual eye, nor are they trumpeted from housetops. But consider, for example, the part played in the life of Boston by its Symphony Orchestra, whose seasons invariably attract vast and delighted audiences, whose ardent followers in New York are no less enthusiastic, whose influence in forming and fostering musical interest and taste in Boston has exceeded all other influences together. If ever you have journeyed out Huntington Avenue to the great Symphony Hall and listened to one of the complicated and abstruse programs in which Doctor Muck had such delight you have not failed to be impressed with the intelligent interest that the audience displayed. To understand and follow Richard Strauss and Max Reger, Hausegger and Sibelius, requires both training and reflection. Where else can you find audiences to whom these complex geniuses are so lucid and welcome? Not on the Continent, surely, if my own poor observation hath taught me anything. I think the symbolic school of composers has more admirers in Boston than in Munich, and it certainly seems to me that often these mazy productions are better done in Chicago and Boston. You see, it is hard to believe we are wholly barbarous when we come to contemplate these facts. I have found some reason to doubt, for instance, if any European community would stand the tough and far-advanced programs that Doctor Muck gave to Boston.

We owe this chiefly to the German strain among us, which seems, on consideration, another reason to give thanks for our mixed origin and unrestricted immigration. Mr. Thomas was of German birth, although he came to America when he was a boy and spent all the rest of his life here. He had a long and toilsome struggle before he saw his orchestra in anything like the condition he desired for it, and was an old man when the fruition of his ideas began to be apparent. For years upon years he conducted traveling orchestras and stationary orchestras, orchestras in Central Park Garden, in old Irving Hall, in old Central Music Hall in Chicago, on the road, wherever he could find an opening. He led for a time a regular orchestra in Cin-

cinnati; he made the greatest glory of the New York Philharmonic, the venerable patriarch of the orchestral world; he led in musical jubilees and at the opening of the Centennial Exposition; and, what was most important, he appeared in hundreds of American towns and cities where a grand orchestra had never been heard before and where he left behind him as a new growth a knowledge of and an aspiration for orchestral achievement.

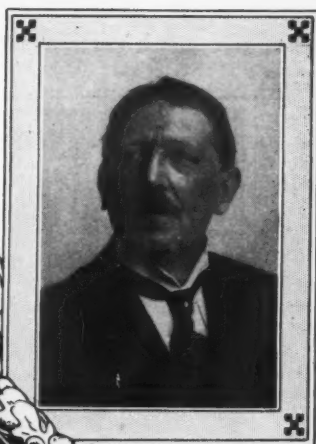
The first enduring fruits of his labors were seen in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the history of which most admirable organization is an interesting illustration of my whole theme. Mr. Henry Lee Higginson organized it in 1881 with seventy performers gathered as might be and Georg Henschel as conductor. Mr. Higginson was neither a professional musician nor an impresario for profit; he was a man of some wealth, not a great deal, who believed he could in no other way so well serve and help his fellow men as by spreading the taste for beautiful music. He was a practical philanthropist that desired to see in his lifetime some results of his beneficence. So he founded the orchestra, alone he bore all the deficit, and with extraordinary good-will he has continued ever since to maintain the organization from his own means. Thus the Boston Symphony is wholly the creation of one man.

As Mr. Higginson was not an experienced manager, so Mr. Henschel was not by training a conductor, but a baritone singer almost without experience in orchestral work, a fact worth noting as indicating that sometimes the occasion makes success as certainly as sometimes the man makes it. Henschel conducted three years, the new institution getting meantime well founded in the favor of Boston, and although the annual deficit must have been large (for the best seats were sold for no more than fifty cents), Mr. Higginson was of courage and foresight, and held on.

Henschel was succeeded by Wilhelm Gericke of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, who led from the season of 1884-5 to the season of 1888-9. Then came Arthur Nikisch, four years; Emil Paur, five years; Mr. Gericke again for eight years; then, for two years, Dr. Karl Muck, from Berlin; and now Max Fiedler, who was one of Doctor Muck's instructors and comes from the Philharmonic Orchestra, Hamburg, of which he has long been director. The advance of the orchestra has been almost continuous from the first. Under Doctor Muck it attained to its greatest



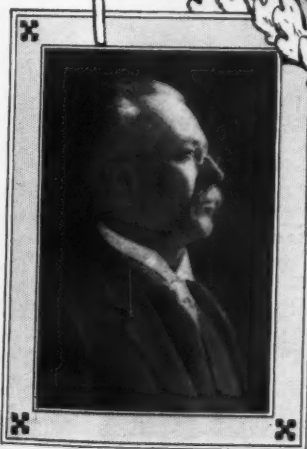
WASSILY SAFONOFF
The New York Phil-
harmonic Society



EMIL PAUR
The Pittsburg
Orchestra



WALTER DAMROSCH
The New York Sym-
phony Society



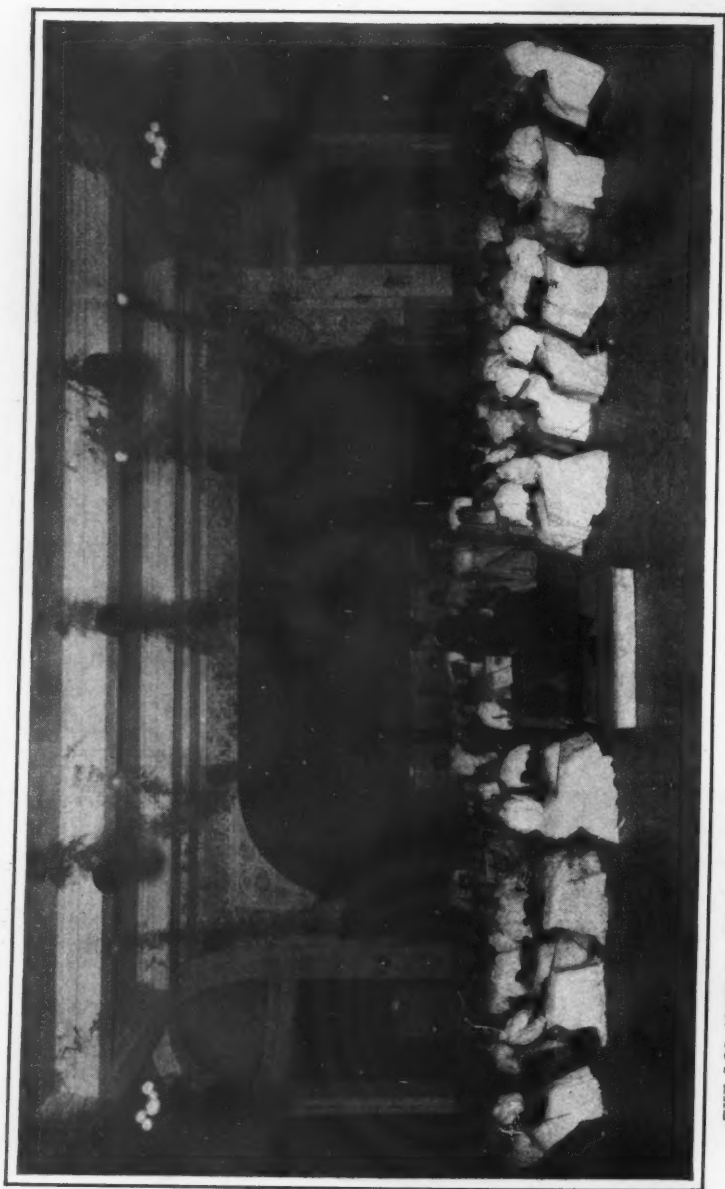
Photograph by Gara

MAX FIEDLER
The Boston Symphony Orchestra



FREDERICK STOCK
The Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Chicago

CONDUCTORS OF THE GREAT AMERICAN ORCHESTRAS



THE LOS ANGELES WOMAN'S SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (FIFTY-FIVE MEMBERS), HARLEY HAMILTON, CONDUCTOR

fame and greatest excellence of performance, for assuredly he is an amazing young man of the most unusual gifts. Some of his readings certainly startled and sometimes did not please the ultraconservative, but beyond all question he did great and wonderful things with the Boston Symphony. Such energy, such insight, such bold, firm delineations, such brilliant and yet convincing color we had never been accustomed to, no, not in the days of Nikisch, even. There were those to whom Doctor Muck seemed to lack in spirituality and sweetness, but he never lacked in brilliance nor in tonal splendors. He had, besides, almost ideal physical equipments for the part. Young, energetic, commanding, slender, with an intellectual face, albeit in expression or thought too severe, he made a very deep impression wherever he was heard; and the rest of the country shared Boston's regret when he must perforce depart, for no longer than two years would Berlin and the Kaiser spare him.

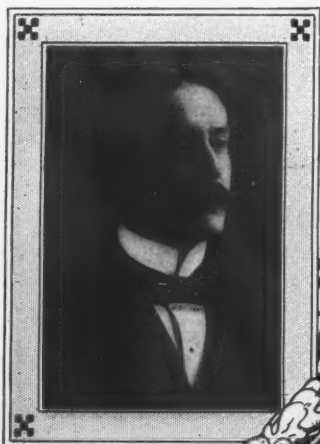
In the twenty-seven years of its existence the Boston Symphony has given 2611 performances, of which 1343 have been in Boston and the remainder in other American cities. As a business venture it may be remarked that once it succeeded in making its annual expenses, and once only. But the deficits, which sometimes amounted to fifty-two thousand dollars a year and often exceeded forty thousand dollars, are now small. It is not from Mr. Higginson that the amount of the deficit is learned, for he never mentions it nor seeks even the least credit for his noble benevolence. The one defect in his management is his deplorable and needless friction with the Musicians' Union. This is in a measure atoned for by the generous pension system instituted in 1903 for superannuated members. The fund now amounts to ninety thousand dollars, secured from the contributions of the players, by private subscription, and from the receipts of two concerts a year, which have thus far netted thirty-four thousand dollars. This year ten former members of the orchestra are to receive pensions of five hundred dollars each.

The Boston Symphony plays a long season every year, about twenty-nine weeks including the concerts in outside cities, and comprising from 100 to 110 concerts. There are ordinarily three rehearsals a week, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Theodore Thomas left New York in 1891 deeply hurt because, as it seemed to him, his

labors of so many years had come to naught and there was no longer any hope of realizing his dream of a great, permanent, metropolitan orchestra. He was kind hearted and sympathetic, but he had no social graces, and his blunt and direct manner had offended some society women in New York that had been pleased to simulate an interest in matters musical. These now undertook to divert the orchestral interests of the city to some other leader, belike of longer hair and more gracious manners. Mr. Thomas went to Chicago, where he played (as for many years he had played) a summer season in the old Exposition Building on the Lake Front. Chicago had always thought well of him and generously supported his enterprises. He had not been there long after his rather melancholy withdrawal from New York when the idea was broached (not by Mr. Thomas) of an enduring organization and a regular winter season for him. The same year the Chicago Orchestra Association was formally launched, and in October Mr. Thomas began at the Auditorium the first season of what was then known as the Chicago Orchestra. His favorite symphony, Beethoven's Fifth or "Fate," was on the first program. The season ended, naturally, with a heavy deficit, for Mr. Thomas was of inflexible convictions about his art and would not play at all unless he could have the best obtainable material. This made a salary list at which the supporters of the enterprise might well have been appalled. There were fifty of them, pledged to make up the loss, whatever it might be. They paid each his share and made no sign, and the next year they were deeply gratified to find that the public had responded to their efforts and the attendance had largely increased. Every succeeding year has shown a further increase in the public interest and endorsement until now (although that is somewhat ahead of my story) the orchestra is self-supporting, being, I believe, the only self-supporting grand orchestra in the United States and possibly the only one in the world.

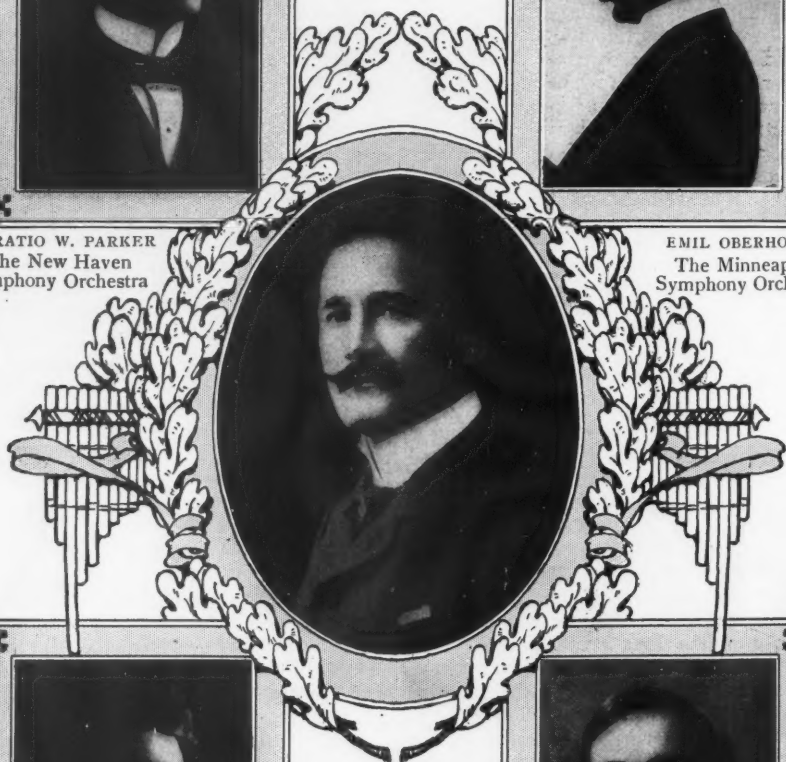
It was in Chicago that Mr. Thomas's dream came true after so many years. The day dawned when the Auditorium was obviously no longer suited to the orchestra's work. Mr. Thomas determined upon an appeal to the public. Many excellent observers, including some that believed they well knew Chicago and its temper, assured him that his idea was utterly impossible and ridiculous. Such a thing had never been done anywhere,



HORATIO W. PARKER
The New Haven
Symphony Orchestra



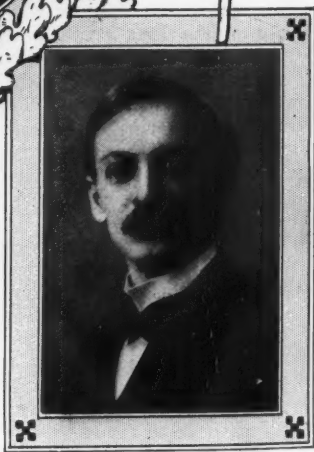
EMIL OBERHOFFER
The Minneapolis
Symphony Orchestra



CARL POHLIG
The Philadelphia
Orchestra



Photograph by Majouier
HARLEY HAMILTON
The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra



MICHAEL KEGRISE
The Seattle Symphony Orchestra

LEADERS OF PROMINENT AMERICAN ORCHESTRAS

and Chicago was the last place under the sun in which to attempt it, being by all accounts the most material and commercial of cities. Mr. Thomas was steadfast. The appeal was made. The public that for twelve years had sat under his baton and learned to understand and appreciate him and his work made a wonderful response, the \$750,000 needed was raised by subscription, and Orchestra Hall was built as the permanent home of the Chicago Orchestra.

Mr. Thomas dedicated it in December, 1904, and on his dedicatory program appeared again Beethoven's Fifth or "Fate" Symphony. Three weeks later he lay dead, fallen pathetically upon the threshold of his completed hopes. Art has its heroes no less real if less renowned than those of war. None of us that saw it will be likely to forget the extraordinary spectacle the streets presented that winter Sunday afternoon of his funeral—the vast silent crowds that stood for hours in all the ways leading to the Auditorium, crowds that had no hope of entering but only stood there to mark affection and reverence for a great man gone. In our time no one has died in Chicago that has had equal honor.

Mr. Thomas had a very unusual combination of gifts in that he was a great interpreter and also a great executive. Probably to those that have made any observation of the science of command I need cite nothing more about his executive genius than this, that while he was as severe a disciplinarian as ever swung a baton, and the most exacting, particular, and critical of leaders, his men loved him with filial devotion and took without resentment his bitterest reproofs. There is no room here to consider at length his technical excellence as a conductor, but surely some of his performances, particularly of Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, and Schumann, have not been surpassed in this country. With a graceful thought both the orchestra he founded and the beautiful hall built by his inspiration now bear his name.

Mr. Thomas's death, January 4, 1905, left the Chicago Orchestra in an embarrassing position. His place in the hearts of the Chicago people was so peculiar that they would not have welcomed the appearance of a stranger to complete or to mar his work and to stand where he had stood so long. Therefore to secure a new leader from abroad was felt to be a perilous project. Fortunately it was unnecessary. There was in the orchestra a young man that in Mr. Thomas's closing

years had been his assistant and close student. The musical world of Chicago heard with misgivings that this young man, Frederick Stock, had been chosen to take the place of Theodore Thomas and predicted the failure and disruption of the orchestra. A man could hardly have found himself in a more difficult and trying position; but in three performances Mr. Stock utterly confuted all the prophets of evil and proved himself one of the greatest leaders of these times; before his masterly rendering of Brahms's Third Symphony the last word of disparagement was turned to fervent praise, and Chicago understood that the work of Mr. Thomas was in perfectly competent hands. The three seasons that have succeeded have still further enhanced Mr. Stock's fame, and it is worth noting that in precision, unison, and exquisite finish the Chicago Orchestra still stands at the head of all the orchestras of this country. Mr. Stock has many claims to distinction, but it is as an interpreter of Brahms that he has won the greatest of his many successes.

There are eighty-five men in the Theodore Thomas (Chicago) Orchestra. The season lasts twenty-six weeks, with two concerts a week, followed by a few weeks of travel. For the last two years every seat for all the Friday afternoon concerts has been sold before the beginning of the season—a record hardly to be equaled. Finally, the orchestra has exercised a potent influence upon the life of the city. Few of us know how great a center of musical art and study Chicago has become until in these respects it seems to surpass every other city in the country.

The Pittsburgh Orchestra dates from 1895, and was created by a group of public-spirited and generous persons inspired, to some extent at least, by the late Frederic Archer, who was the first conductor. Mr. Archer, again, was not an orchestral man but an organist; nevertheless he laid the foundations for the brilliant career of this successful organization. He was followed in 1898 by Victor Herbert, who conducted until 1904, his achievements being somewhat checkered by the fact that he was more highly esteemed as a composer than as an orchestral leader. After Mr. Herbert came Mr. Paur, who had for five years led the Boston Symphony and at other times conducted the New York Philharmonic and the famous Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig. He has done great things with the Pittsburgh men. I heard them soon after he had begun his labors and again toward the end of that season, and

The Grand Orchestra in America

the change was something to make one marvel. I do not well understand how in so short a time it could have been greater. In plasticity, unison, spirit, and sonority the improvement was unmistakable, and there had been lost a certain acidity of tone that had been objectionable. I think that work was Emil Paur's greatest triumph. The orchestra now goes on an annual tour, and has its ardent admirers in many cities. It has played with great success in New York. Mr. Paur, like every other conductor, has his detractors as well as his admirers. He is sometimes criticized for excess of vigor and deficiency of insight, but like the most of such dicta the opinion is exaggerated. The final test is success, and Mr. Paur's success in Pittsburgh is indubitable.

The Philadelphia Orchestra is maintained by an association of three hundred men and women that guarantee the annual deficit, ranging from fifty to seventy thousand dollars, and have thus guaranteed it since 1900, when the present organization was developed from the occasional concerts of the old Symphony Society. Mr. Fitz Scheel was the first conductor of the present orchestra. He died in 1907, and the temporary filling of his place in a manner distasteful to the players gave occasion to one of the historic incidents of American music, for the men chose as the unlucky time to express their disapproval the moment when Mme. Schumann-Heink began to sing, and as the form of their expression elected to play off the key. The chief sufferer, of course, was poor Mme. Schumann-Heink, who, in no way a party to the quarrel, was driven from the stage in tears—a small illustration of the difficulties that sometimes beset orchestral management.

But all that is of the past in Philadelphia. The new conductor, Mr. Carl Pohlig, formerly of Stuttgart, is as popular with his men as with the public. His first season justly won Philadelphia's musical heart and made a new record for the orchestra. Safely we may say that he has raised it to the front rank among the orchestras of America. The strongest impressions made by his methods are, first, of his absolute sincerity and then of his complete sympathy with the composer. He is much too fine a musician to resort to any tricks, and at all of his performances that I have been fortunate enough to hear his work seemed of a very high order.

New York, which in point of priority and in the number of organizations rightfully heads the list, comes in point of merit cer-

tainly below Chicago and Boston and perhaps still lower. The New York Philharmonic, the oldest orchestral society in the United States, being now in its sixty-seventh year, has had a career of great dignity and worth. Service, tradition, and years have almost sanctified it, for it introduced to America a very large number of classical and standard compositions (for example, all but one of Beethoven's symphonies and much of Liszt); it has numbered among its leaders brilliant and great men—Karl Bergmann, Leopold Damrosch, Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl; and it has been highly honored by eminent musicians abroad. After the lamentable death of Anton Seidl in 1898, Mr. Emil Paur conducted for four seasons, followed by Mr. Walter Damrosch. Then for three seasons the society experimented with "guest conductors," securing for one or two concerts the most famous leaders of Europe, men like Colonne, Richard Strauss, Weingartner, Fiedler, and others. One of these, Wassily Safonoff, of Moscow, made a great impression by his impassioned and truly wonderful playing of Tschaikowsky, and on the strength of that impression was engaged for the next season. He is still the conductor of the Philharmonic. Any discussion of his work is handling a burning subject, for social New York is split into factions by the "orchestral war," and Mr. Safonoff suffers accordingly from the extravagant praise of the one and the superfluous antagonism of the other. He has led for three seasons and so far as attendance is concerned has left little to be desired. Some of his performances of Beethoven, Schumann, and Wagner have given great pain to the judicious, but there is no room to question his merit in his playing of Tschaikowsky. The vital defect in the Philharmonic, however, is not so much with the leader as with the organization. Though one came with the gifts of Apollo he could hardly do much with an orchestra for which he was not allowed to make the programs and over which he could exercise no disciplinary control, no, not even when some of the first violins persistently play off the key. For these reasons there is little hope in the Philharmonic as at present constituted.

The orchestra gives concerts every two weeks for a short winter season. It is to be noted that in Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh the orchestras play weekly.

Mr. Safonoff leads without a baton, moving both his tightly clenched fists in the air, sometimes with extraordinary enthusiasm. About

this practice also are many opinions, chiefly unfavorable.

The most promising of the metropolitan organizations is the New York Symphony Orchestra, of which Mr. Walter Damrosch is conductor. Mr. Damrosch is not quite an ideal leader, being deemed deficient in poetry and charm, but he is earnest, zealous, and intelligent. In the making of good programs he has no equal in this country except Mr. Stock; he never produces the weird jumbles that frequently perplex the followers of the Philharmonic and occasionally depress the most ardent admirer of the Boston Symphony. Mr. Damrosch is a skilful musician and the son of a skilful musician. Few men have been more exactly and broadly trained for a musical career. His father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, left two sons and a distinguished name in music. Frank has devoted his life to spreading musical knowledge and culture, chiefly among persons of small means, while Walter has followed his father's bent in orchestral work. For close upon twenty-five years he has been at the head of one great orchestra or another. The New York Symphony in its present shape is of comparatively recent origin, but it has advanced rapidly in public favor as in achievement. Some of the richest men and women in New York are among its guarantors. At the beginning of last season Mr. Damrosch reorganized the orchestra and put it upon the basis found long ago by Mr. Thomas to be the only possible foundation for enduring excellence; that is to say, he engaged the players to play with him and with no one else and to make the orchestra their chief concern. The result has been the highest achievement of his career thus far. It is a very capable body of men that he leads, and some of their performances have been delightful. Mr. Damrosch made last year memorable with a Beethoven cycle in which he played very nobly and sympathetically the nine symphonies.

The People's Symphony Orchestra is the work of Mr. F. X. Arens, by whose labor of love it is carried along for the purpose of providing good music at prices possible to wage-earners. It gives every winter a series of excellent concerts in Cooper Union and Carnegie Hall.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra is a very large organization ably supported by the element in New York's musical and social worlds that is profoundly interested in Russian music. In its regular season it plays nothing

else. It rejoices in a talented leader, Mr. Modest Altschuler, and in spite of its narrow and, to my thinking, unfortunate limitations it has produced good concerts.

One of the most interesting organizations in New York city is the Volpé Orchestra, composed of about ninety ardent young musicians, most of them average New York boys from typical New York homes. Its work has been uniformly of a high grade, and it furnishes an excellent illustration of the possibilities of enthusiasm and persistence. The leader and founder of the society is Mr. Arnold Volpé, whose interest is educational. The greatest fault to be found with this orchestra is that it is heard too seldom.

New Haven has an excellent symphony orchestra presided over by that admirable musician and composer, Dr. Horatio W. Parker. Being maintained by the music department of Yale University it has never been wholly dependent upon either guarantors or public support. Yet we should note that the concerts have become under Doctor Parker so popular in New Haven that the seating capacity of the great Woolsey Hall is always taxed to its utmost.

Cincinnati, chiefly because of its great German population, has long been one of the musical capitals of America, and its biennial musical festivals have been to the world of music events of the first importance. For some years the Cincinnati Orchestra Association, composed entirely of women, maintained the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra under the competent leadership of Mr. Von der Stucken. In 1906, partly because of trouble with the Musicians' Union and partly for other causes, the association was forced to discontinue the orchestra and to content itself with securing concerts by the orchestras of other cities. But the native pride of Cincinnati was aroused by the reflection contained in this change, and there are now efforts to revive the Symphony Orchestra.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra gives regular and well-attended concerts in the Minneapolis Auditorium. Beginning six years ago as a somewhat doubtful experiment and playing occasionally in churches and halls, it is now one of the recognized institutions of the city. Last season Sunday afternoon popular concerts were added to the regular series and met with an enthusiastic response from the public. Here again the leader, Mr. Emil Oberhoffer, is not by training an orchestral man but a pianist. Never-

The Grand Orchestra in America

theless he has succeeded by persistence and labor in overcoming some of his consequent disadvantages. He has had excellent material to work with. Carlo Fischer, the principal cello, is an artist of distinction, and many others of the players are very able musicians.

The Symphony Orchestra of St. Paul is still younger, being now in its third year. Its first conductor was the Chevalier N. B. Emanuel, a gifted man of long experience abroad, whose performances with almost hopeless material used to fill many listeners, including the present writer, with boundless amazement. This year St. Paul has a new leader in Mr. Walter Rothwell, a pupil of Felix Mottl's and hitherto of note as a conductor of opera. He is young, energetic, and capable and has already made a most favorable impression in St. Paul.

Los Angeles is distinguished among these cities because it not only maintains a regular symphony orchestra of men players, but an excellent symphony orchestra composed entirely of women, with fifty-five members, which has given seasons of concerts every year since 1892. All the orchestral instruments are represented, including oboes, horns, and tympani, and at each concert a symphony is performed. The conductor is Mr. Harley Hamilton, the organizer of this unique enterprise. I have never heard it play, but very complimentary things are said of its work, and of the art zeal and devotion of its members. They played the Grieg concerto twice in one season—once with Adela Verne and once with Teresa Carreno. Probably no better testimony of their proficiency is needed, but I may mention that after the performance, Carreno, who is an exacting artist, gave them fervent praise. The concert-master is Miss Edna Foy, who seems to be a musician of very unusual capacity.

Mr. Hamilton also conducts the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra (professional players), which has been playing since 1897, at first with the aid of private contributions and now under the care of the Symphony Association. A guarantee fund raised by the citizens provides for the deficit. The secretary, Miss Witmer, writes me that the increase in public interest in the orchestra's work has been phenomenal.

In Seattle the young Symphony Orchestra is maintained by a guarantee subscription fund provided by the citizens. The first season of 1907-8 aroused very great interest, and the beginning of the second season saw an

increase of one hundred per cent. in the number of season tickets sold. At the first concert of the second year, September 17, the attendance was twice as great as at any concert of the preceding year. The conductor is Mr. Michael Kegrise, and the season comprises evening symphony concerts and popular concerts Sunday afternoons.

The St. Louis Symphony Orchestra is conducted by Mr. Max Zach, who was for many years principal viola and assistant conductor of the Boston Symphony. Beginning as an offspring of the splendid St. Louis Choral Society, the orchestra attained to independent existence three years ago, with a well-established society and a subscription fund for its support. It has prospered, for it has now a large and growing endowment fund to provide for its permanence. Twenty-eight concerts usually comprise the season, and since Mr. Zach began to lead, the support and interest of the public have grown at each performance. I notice that last season Mr. Zach played Schumann's First Symphony, Beethoven's Fourth, Mozart's G Minor, Brahms's Second, and the Grieg concerto. Mr. Zach was very highly esteemed in Boston, and his St. Louis work has justified the predictions of his success.

A feature of the work of most of these orchestras is the illuminating "program notes," often very extensive, prepared for each concert, an idea originating with Mr. Thomas. And another is the great increase in the musical interest in each community that has accompanied the development of the orchestral idea. In Minneapolis, for instance, after the Symphony Orchestra had been playing five years it was found possible to organize in the Central High School a large orchestra of boys most of whom had received their first musical inspiration from Mr. Oberhoffer's band of capable musicians.

These references hardly begin to cover the extent of the orchestral movement in America; to speak in detail of the work of all the orchestral organizations would not be possible in one article nor in three. Here is nothing but an indication of the rapid progress of a great evolution. Since the symphony may be held to be the grandest work of man and the power of music the greatest of all elevating influences, we may view with some pride this fact, that, whereas in America sixty years ago the symphony was a thing almost unknown, symphonic music has now a large and genuine following here.



THE YOUNGSTER SCRAMBLED DOWN FROM THE DIVAN AND CONFIDENTLY APPROACHED TED

The Man-Child

By Vanderheyden Fyles

Illustrated by Gordon Grant



I MAY as well say at the start that I always was "all for" Teddy. Of course you would see that for yourself soon enough, but there is something straightforward and simple about the mere fact of saying it. And just thinking of him makes one feel that way.

I might take time and the words to tell you how Teddy looked: that he was blond, wiry, and rather tall; that the look of his eyes was direct; that he could not succeed in appearing more than his twenty-two years. But I would rather save my words to tell you what he did. Not that young Edward Vail was one of your picturesque heroes who clatter and dash through thrilling deeds. He

had to let all that go. Whatever he did that counted (and it isn't for me to judge) he worked out for himself alone, with no one to know the struggle and nothing like cheers for the victory.

He was a little over seventeen when he first saw his brother. The days of his lonely growing were over. He had himself and the few hundred dollars that were left of the money his father had allowed for his keep and education to do with as he pleased. The remote relatives who, for an ample share of the allowance, had let him grow up under their roof since his mother's death, in his babyhood, had conscientiously given him exactly what was bargained for. His father, a merry soul whose flow of impersonal geniality ended only with his death, had never complained when the semiannual payments came

due, and invariably was entirely affable on the rare occasions when he saw his son. And when, surrounded by a group of his cronies, the hearty Vail's merriment over one of his own immodest jokes had terminated hilariously in apoplexy, the second Mrs. Vail had insisted, with an affecting show of generosity, that Ted's upbringing should continue unaltered, and had sailed, in extravagant crape, for Dieppe.

When her return, four years later, with the son born in the second month of her widowhood, revealed the fact that no more money for her stepson seemed to her necessary, Ted's guardians concluded to acquiesce in his desire to start out in life for himself. But do not imagine that Ted was dejected that day when, as a prelude to his great stride into the world, he set out to pay his respects to his father's widow and to see his brother for the first time. On the contrary, he was joyously aglow with confident youth as he buoyantly walked down Riverside Drive to the ornate building in which Mrs. Vail had taken an apartment. The world seemed splendid. It was something straightforward and strong that he was soon to grapple with. He had no very definite idea just how, but it must be in a place where nature was big and new. You see, Ted had come to the brave age of seventeen very much by himself, building from imagination the world he was to conquer. And the days and years of lonely picturing and restive energy in one of the dull, gray houses in one of the dull, gray streets had made him sure of just one thing—he would get away to fight in the open with things that were stalwart and big and with strokes that were broad and free.

Mrs. Vail would receive him in the small drawing-room, the servant said. The hum of voices prepared Ted for the several women and men whom he found when he entered the dainty room, hung in mauve brocade and lighted only by candles in dull-gold sconces. The sunlight of the spring day was shut out by heavy portières drawn close across the windows. But all that Ted seemed to see was the woman on the divan by the tea-table, and the child beside her. He saw his youthful stepmother for the second time. Her doll-like beauty was more perfect than he had remembered. Large, placid eyes looked questioningly out from a delicate, pretty face beneath soft masses of reddish gold hair. Occasionally she strove

to vary the vacuous sweetness of her expression by a puckering of her curved lips or a perturbed little scowl that momentarily wrinkled her smooth, white forehead. But it was the child who, half hid in the flowing folds of lace and chiffon of her gown, arrested the boy's gaze. The youngster was very beautiful. He reproduced the curved lips of his mother, but with wonderment that was unconscious, and he had her great eyes, but with wistfulness that was unstudied. There could be no doubt that the picture was perfect. Yet Ted, seeing his brother for the first time, felt a lump choking in his throat.

"What a fine, big boy it has grown to be!" Mrs. Vail was exclaiming about him to the company impersonally, as he seated himself. Then, turning to the child beside her, she said: "Arthur, love, this is your big brother. Go to him, sweetheart."

The youngster scrambled down from the divan and confidently approached Ted. He seemed to have no doubt as to the manner of his reception, but as he came across to him, it seemed to Ted that it was difficult to breathe in the delicately scented air. The child had almost reached him. His round little face was uplifted, the red lips were puckered. Suddenly, grasping one of the baby hands almost roughly in his own, Ted said,

"How d'you do—Sport?"

It was some time after the meeting of the brothers and after the child had scrambled back to his mother's side, but he had not taken his surprised gaze from Ted. Some of the callers had gone, two women in intimate chat had drawn a bit apart, and it was obvious that the remaining man was waiting for an opportunity to speak with Mrs. Vail alone. The child, less confident this time, came to Ted in a roundabout way. The elder brother tried to lure him into talk about himself, endeavored to entertain him in a sort of comrade manner. And he could not keep from striving to find some one element in the boy's life that was not a designed enhancement of the mother's widowhood.

Though Arthur grew less bashful as Ted suggested games and romps he never had heard of before, the wonderment had not left his eyes when the big brother rose to go. At the first break in the strange new comradeship the youngster retreated again to the folds of the chiffon gown. Ted was in the



IT WAS THE CHILD WHO, HALF HID IN THE FLOWING FOLDS OF LACE AND CHIFFON OF HER GOWN, ARRESTED THE BOY'S GAZE

hallway. He had shaken hands with his brother in solemn imitation of his manner to his stepmother and her guests. He had taken his hat and gloves to go. Then he saw a portière stirred slightly. Presently, around one side of it, a little curly head appeared, and two large eyes looked out. Ted held out his hand again.

"Well," he said, "you won't forget that try-on with the gloves to-morrow?"

The child came forward, shaking his head. "I won't forget."

"Good evening again, then," Ted said, still holding out his hand for a second shake. Arthur did not respond, but continued his puzzled gaze.

"Why," he asked at last, as though it was

the most unfathomable mystery in the world, "why don't you want to kiss me?"

Ted started to reply. It ought to have been easy. In everything he had done that afternoon, in the form he had given to each simple remark to the boy, he had tried gently to make him feel what it meant to be a man-child. And now the boy unconsciously gave him the chance to put it into definite words. Again Ted started to speak. Then suddenly, somehow, he found himself holding the little body in his arms, and the wistful, perplexed face was close to his.

"My little kid," he murmured, as he kissed the baby lips. In a moment he put him down, and shook the chubby little hand as he had intended. "To-morrow for the

gloves then, Sport," he called, as he hurried from the apartment.

"I am set on doing the dishes to-night, so it's no use trying to stop me," Ted said, pushing Mrs. McWilliams away from the table in mock severity. "You'll have enough to do to finish that gown to deliver in the morning. But," he added, as he brought the dressmaker's favorite chair into the kitchen, "you must bring your work here to keep me company."

"Lord, Mr. Edward," Mrs. McWilliams muttered, settling her ample self wearily in the rocking-chair, "you're always thinking of something kind for folks, but slopping around a lot of greasy dishes is no business for a young gentleman like you."

"Something of a relief after washing out dirty linen in a law-office all day," Ted laughed, rolling up his shirt-sleeves from strong, smooth arms, and then pouring boiling water over the dishes he had piled in a large pan on the table. It was not the first time he had lingered to help his aging neighbor, who added to her small income from dressmaking by cooking his meals.

She rocked to and fro, sewing in silence for some minutes. Then, unwinding a half-yard or so of thread and biting it off, she asked, "How came it you went into this law business in the first place?"

"I don't know. When I was younger I had a lot of plans and ideas that were not like this at all—they had no grimy city or stuffy offices in them. But I—I had to let them go. You see, I had to think of Arthur."

"About four years ago, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Arthur is nearly eight now."

"I should think you'd make his mother support him, instead of spending all her money gallivanting over Europe," Mrs. McWilliams remarked. "I don't see as you have any call to slave day and night for him, you only a kid yourself."

"It isn't slaving," Ted retorted, emptying the pan into the sink and refilling it with hot water. "Besides, you ought to hear the corking things Mr. Leroy predicts for me if I push along with my studies as I have."

"Yes," sneered Mrs. McWilliams in vexation that seemed occasioned equally by the lawyer she had never seen and the eye of the needle she could not contrive to see. "You grubbing in his office all day, and then poring over those big books 'way into the night!"

"It is very good of Mr. Leroy to lend me his law-books."

"And I notice," the woman remarked, looking quizzically at him over her spectacles, "that you always need a change from his library evenings when his daughter is at home."

She saw the flush that covered his forehead in spite of his manner of unconcern as he dried the dishes and put them away in the cupboards. And she sighed as she thought of the look of the world when one is twenty-two.

After some minutes of silent work, Mrs. McWilliams asked, "Where's that mother of Arthur's taken her new husband this time?"

"Monte Carlo, I think. You can see what it would have been—the kid dragged from one place of that sort to another, relegated to maids and governesses when he had ceased to be a becoming adjunct to his mother—and with that worthless, gambling stepfather as an example."

"But she might have provided for Arthur here," Mrs. McWilliams protested.

"Oh, she would have—placing him with the people I managed to grow up with. Indeed, I had to plead to have him. I wanted him with me. I wanted him to have some things I never had. But especially I wanted to keep him where I could watch him, not only now, more even when he is older."

Having put away the last of the dishes he sat down by Mrs. McWilliams. Without comment, he took the troublesome needle from her and threaded it.

"You see," he went on, "our father was not quite all he might have been. That's rotten to have to say. Perhaps it was not his fault; all his family drank. But if that is an excuse, a reason, I have more to fear in us; I must watch even more closely every influence that comes near the boy."

Ted arose. Presently, wheeling an arm-chair from an adjoining room, he drew it near the gas-range. Having leisurely filled his pipe, he smoked silently for some time. But Mrs. McWilliams observed that he looked at his watch with growing frequency.

"Getting time Arthur was back?" she finally asked.

"About."

"With the Johnson boy?"

"Yes. His father took them to the hockey match at the rink."

Suddenly there was a triple coo from the hallway. Ted took his pipe from between

his teeth and echoed their secret call, and as Mrs. McWilliams rose to open the door she observed a new light in the boyish face by the fire.

It was late that night before Ted got to the great books which Mrs. McWilliams half despised and was half in awe of. They sat long in the cozy kitchen, the brothers talking away, wholly oblivious of the whole world, while the widow sewed in silence. And though neither of the boys seemed to have a thought for her, she felt less alone than in all the years since her own children had scattered.

First Arthur, flushed and aglow from the excitement of the game, must describe it all

to Ted in a single breath. He sat on a stool in front of his brother's chair; that is, he sat there except when he was up and about the kitchen, showing just how some special goal was made or missed. Then one play had to be shown in diagram on the table, with the sugar-bowl for goal-keeper and the salt-box for point and teacups and saucers for cover-point and the other men. And Ted even had to give up his pipe because it was all Arthur saw left for the puck. Then there would be arguments as to the merits of a certain play, with Ted almost as intense and serious as the excited boy looking up into his face.

Some time later, when Mrs. McWilliams



"YOU OUGHT TO HEAR THE CORKING THINGS MR. LEROY PREDICTS FOR ME IF I PUSH ALONG WITH MY STUDIES AS I HAVE"



SHE HAD FLIPPANTLY REFUSED TO LISTEN

looked up from her work, she saw the boy on the arm of his brother's chair. He was growing sleepy now, but he must have his story. Ted long since had exhausted his knowledge of the world's belligerently inclined, from Indians to pirates, from Russian Cossacks to Kentucky night-riders. But his imagination had been called upon to keep up with the insatiable demand. Mrs. McWilliams had observed that of late, of whatever color or kind the villains, there had come to be always a lady fair to rescue. Two or three times, when she was not supposed to hear, she had caught a name given to the maid. And the name always was the same. She had observed, too, that those parts were not nearly so popular with the listener as with the maker of the tale. She even had heard Arthur object to them once. It must have been in some such adventure that the auditor of the evening finally fell asleep. For the narrator kept talking of a Princess Edna long after he had no listener.

It seemed to Ted that he never had been quite so happy as he was this evening as he waited in the Leroy drawing-room for Edna

to come down with her gloves and fan and evening cloak. After Mrs. Leroy and her daughter had left the dinner-table, the successful lawyer had made his announcement to Ted. It took him some time to work through the preamble. But early in the formalities Ted guessed that his employer had gained such confidence in his ability that he had decided to take him into the firm. Words of gratitude came haltingly as Mr. Leroy proceeded further to distinguish the occasion by filling their glasses with a certain port which last had been drunk at Edna's birth. Ted did not feel able to make the father fully understand how much this promotion meant to him without speaking of the right it at last gave him to ask Edna to be his wife. The elder man did not appear surprised. Indeed, he seemed prepared with a speech for this announcement, too. And a second time within fifteen minutes, though there appeared to have been no occasion before for eighteen years, Mr. Leroy insisted that two glasses of the port should be ceremoniously touched together and held high while a toast was spoken.

So obviously happy were that particular couple of arriving dancers—one dark, dainty girl who could not keep a radiant smile from her face and one tall, blond young man who colored self-consciously at every glance—that their hostess found herself involuntarily receiving the girl with a kiss. The news spread rapidly. It was hardly a surprise to their acquaintances. When they were not dancing the girls clustered about Edna; and the men vied with one another in dragging Ted to the smoking-room to drink to the happiness and health of his fiancée and himself. He would have adhered firmly to his insistence upon stopping with the second glass but that the next man who protested cordiality Ted knew to be in the difficult position of a vanquished rival. So he clinked glasses with Jack Tallman, though in a moment he thought he observed an alcoholic reason for the man's unexpected friendliness.

It was during the supper hour. Edna and Ted had eluded the other dancers by standing in a window looking toward the dark, leafless trees of Central Park, while a drawn portière concealed them from any stragglers returning to the ballroom. Ted lifted a hand that hung by Edna's side and pressed

it to his lips. There was a sort of wistful reverence in the way he did it.

"I don't believe you can understand the happiness you've given me to-night," he said.

"I think I have a feeling that can help me guess," she smiled back.

They talked of many plans. They could not wait, it seemed, to arrange for all the joy that spread before them. Finally Ted spoke of his brother, of whom he had often talked, though she never had seen the boy.

"I must know him right away," she said. "When we are married we will want him with us often."

Ted murmured something indefinite. He seemed not quite to comprehend.

"His mother will let him visit us sometimes?" she asked.

"Why—why, Arthur will live with us, of course."

There was a silence as they gazed across at the gaunt trees in the park.

"I do not know," Edna finally said. There was an undertone of firmness in her voice. "I think we will wait and see about that."

"Why, there can be no question."

"I think that I come first," she retorted.

"Edna, dear, there is no first and second in my love for you and for the kid who depends on me."

He put out his hand to take hers. She drew away.

"No. I don't think there need be," she replied. "It hardly strikes me as quite good enough meekly to trust to getting a share of your love and watchfulness and protection—to fight to get a fair share."

The dance music had started again. She drew the curtains suddenly aside. "Will you find Jack Tallman and tell him where I am?" she asked. "This is his dance."

Ted did not stir. He looked at her in silence for some moments. His hands were firmly clenched. Then, in as easy a tone as he could muster, he said, "Why, yes, of course."

When the cool midnight air struck him, Ted's recollection of the last hour was confused, but one thing stood out with horrible clearness. He recalled that he had gone humbly to Edna after her dance with Tallman to explain his feeling about his brother—why it seemed to him his father's son needed special watching and the subtle influence of example; how much he felt of duty

as well as love. But she had flippantly refused to listen. The next half-hour was less clear in his mind now. He knew he had felt utterly disconsolate in the collapse of his glorious expectations, but he recalled that, more especially, his idea in going to the smoking-room had been to guard the incident from gossip; that he had drunk freely in response to congratulations to keep a story from spreading.

Then Tallman had come in. Things had grown very vague by that time, yet it was what had happened then that beat most revoltingly in his mind as he walked beneath the dark shadow of the park toward home. He could not recall just how it had started. Nothing was clear until Tallman had suggested that Ted did not worry himself about his fiancée's smiles at other men as long as he had clinched his partnership with her father. He recalled that he had succeeded in disregarding even that. Then his rival had started to say something that began with Edna's name. He remembered only the leer on the flushed face, and then his own blow full across it. Then he had found himself in another room with two or three of his friends. One had said his mother would take Edna home; Ted would not be needed. The whole thing was known, then. And Edna was the sufferer!

The night air seemed to increase his haziness. Everything was confused, everything except the awful specter of the embarrassment and suffering his wretched failure had caused the girl who meant more than everything else in the world to him. He looked up. He had arrived at his own doorstep. The only hope he could conjure was that sleep would bring brief forgetfulness and respite from his self-disgust. He entered his rooms. There was only a dim light in the little hall. Then, suddenly, from behind the door of his brother's room came the three cooing calls of their signal.

Involuntarily Ted drew himself into the protection of a shadow. There was something he must think of! His confused mind simply had got to pull itself together. He had done a hideous thing that night, but there was something greater still he must avoid. And it must be done without pause for thought.

He heard the bed creak as though the boy was arising to come to him. He tried to stop his teeth from chattering so he could speak. Finally he formed a plan.

"Stay in the fort!" he managed to call out. And then, "It's the Indians!"

He heard the bare feet pause halfway across the room. Would the boy enter into the unexpected game? He drew every effort of his will together to speak once more.

"I'll bet I break in," was what he contrived to say.

He did not breathe as he listened for the answer. It seemed as though the boy would never speak. If only the child would play the game long enough for him to get past the door to his own room! Still there was no answer. Ted strained his ears to hear. He moved his parched lips to speak again, but they would not form the words. He listened so intently that his very heart seemed not to beat. At last there was a sound. The boy was crawling stealthily toward the door!

Ted drew every nerve together. Lifting a hand that trembled violently he hit it against his mouth in a loud, long, repeated Indian war-cry.

An instant, and the fight was won. He heard the boy scamper back, and then draw chairs and tables to pile against the door. The heart that had stood still thumped fast and hard now. As the child heaped furniture against the door and dared his besieger to attack, Ted made his way along the dark hall. And it seemed to him the shaking of his body and the chattering of his teeth must surely be heard in the room he passed.

Then, though he had not reached his own door, he heard the boy moving the furniture again. He was pushing it aside! He was calling that he would not wait for attack, but meet the foe in the open field. With a last great effort, Ted dragged himself along. He reached his door. He pushed it open. He heard his brother's door swing wide. And then the boy came pattering down the hall.

Ted flung himself against his door, slammed it shut, and turned the key. Then he sank to the floor, trembling, shaken by great convulsions. The boy, hurling defiance at his enemy, beat against the door; and though, now and then, he got Indian war-cries in response, he could not hear the prayer of sobbing gratitude that the older boy was whispering to his God through quivering lips.

The janitress told her that Mrs. McWilliams was not at home, and added that there was no one in the Vail apartment across the

hall, though Edna had not asked. She wondered what she could have said to make the woman guess that she had come to introduce herself to Mrs. McWilliams only as a way to see Ted. It was long after five in the afternoon, the day after the dance. It seemed to her Ted should be home from the office by now. She must see him, though she was not very sure what she wanted to say. Ted had been entirely wrong about Arthur, of course; and his action later had been disgraceful, even though she had not slept all night thinking of his unhesitating defense of her in spite of what she had just done.

She reviewed these thoughts of the night before and the whole long day as she seated herself on the top step of the flight of stairs nearest his apartment. She had told the janitress she would wait for Mrs. McWilliams. She was quite alone in the dark hallway; and she was sure she was very miserable. And she kept whispering to herself how wholly wrong Ted was because, somehow, the reiteration of it seemed to comfort her.

Her meditations were interrupted by a momentary uproar in the hall below. The front door was opened and then closed with a slam. Then two feet came thumping up the stairway. She was surprised to hear a boy's voice muttering over and over to himself some protestation of disgust. When he came as near as the hallway just below the words reached her.

"It's the girls," the boy's voice was muttering; "it's the girls make the trouble every time."

A blond head appeared. Then its owner, apparently eight years or so of age, came into view. Edna saw that his coat was torn, his hat battered; and he was holding a blood-stained handkerchief to his nose. He seemed to disregard the injury to his clothes and to himself, though, almost as much as the possibility of meeting anyone. For he was still repeating,

"It's the girls, darn 'em—the girls!"

Unexpectedly he came face to face with Edna. He stood still, looking inquiringly at her.

"I am waiting for Mrs. McWilliams," she explained.

"Isn't she in either?" the boy asked.

"It seems not."

He was silent for a few moments. "Mind if I sit here?" he finally asked. "You see, I am locked out."

Edna moved a little, and he sat on the step beside her. He appeared to be trying to conceal the very obvious fact that his nose was still bleeding, as, also, were some scratches on his face and hands.

"You appear to have been in some trouble," Edna commented in cautious gravity.

"Fight," was the laconic answer from behind the handkerchief. Then, after a long pause: "Got licked. Suppose you can see that."

Again there were some minutes of silence.

"Don't mind that so much," the boy explained in a somewhat spiritless though calmly judicial tone. "He used a piece of brick, so it doesn't prove anything." He tried to find a dry spot on the handkerchief. "But I hate to have Ted come home and see me."

"Ted?" Edna echoed in surprise.

"My brother. He'd laugh."

Edna turned to gaze at the boy. But he did not seem aware of the intense new interest in him.

"You see," he went on, "my brother knows almost everything. But he's wrong about one thing. It was that got me into this." The end of the remark was illustrated by a jerk of a grimy thumb toward his nose.

"How?" Edna asked, returning all the seriousness of the big blue eyes.

"Bout girls," Arthur retorted disgustedly. "Ted almost had me thinking a fight's no good 'less it is for a girl."

"Perhaps he is right," Edna interjected.

"I got to thinking so," the wounded cavalier went on. "So just now when Redhead Johnson pulled Essie Thompson's hair 'cause she'd shoved his baseball and bat and everything down a coal-hole, I hauled off and hit him, though I knew she was lots more wrong than Redhead."

"Oh, that was splendid!" Edna gasped.

"No, it wasn't," the boy protested. "And

Ted'll see it my way some time, too. It is some girl got him thinking wrong. But I'm his brother, and I'll pull him through."

"Some girl?" Edna prompted.

"Talks about her all the time. Calls her Princess Edna. Makes me sick! But I guess that sort of thing happens to lots of fellows, no matter how smart they are." The boy searched in vain for an unstained bit of handkerchief. "Ted'll get over it though," he muttered.

"No, no, he

won't," Edna cried. "We won't let him. We'll be chums, you and I, and we'll do everything—just everything—to make him happy. Won't we?"

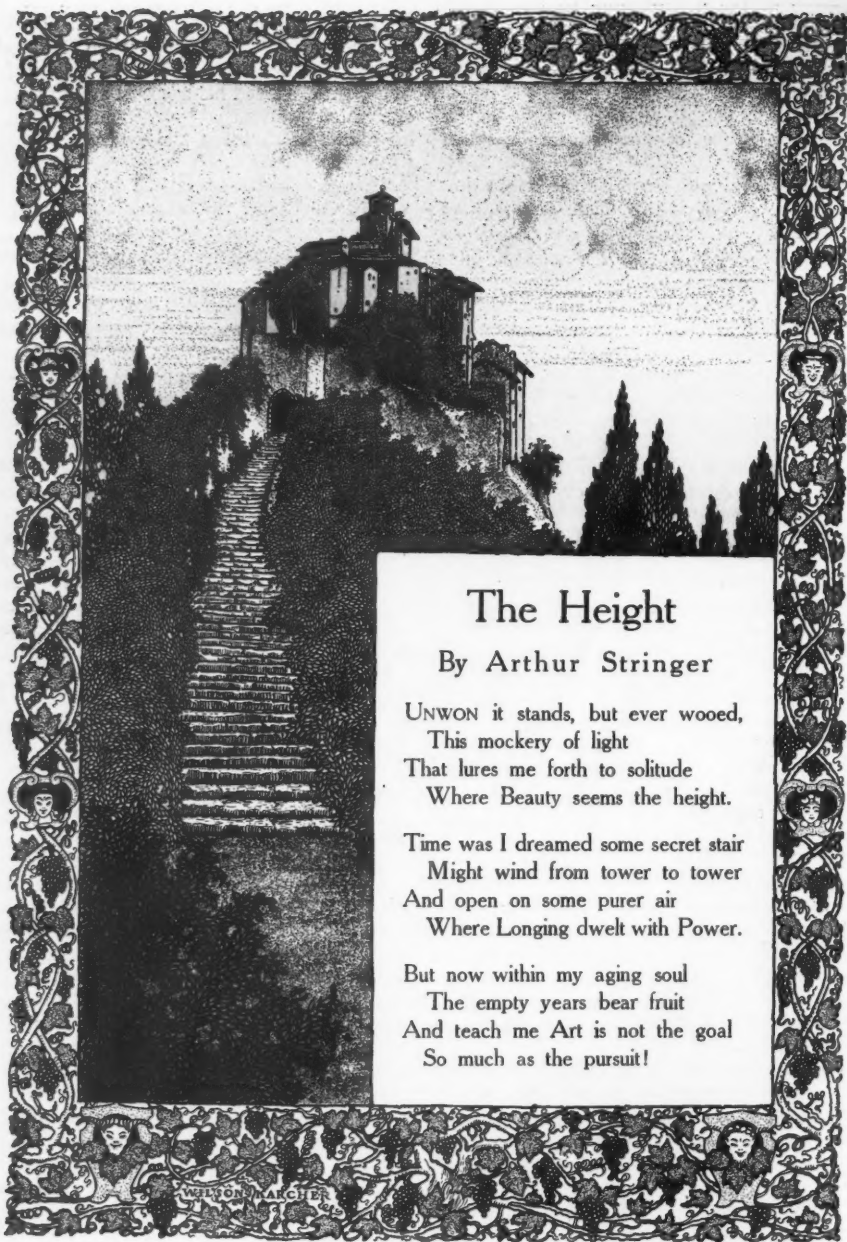
She paused a moment to listen. The front door was opened and closed, and a step sounded on the stairs. The boy turned a glowing face to Edna.

"That's Ted now," he said proudly. "I think I'll tell him about the fight: I always do finally."

"Come on," she answered. "We'll run down to meet him together—and we'll both confess things!"



HE APPEARED TO BE TRYING TO CONCEAL THE VERY OBVIOUS FACT THAT HIS NOSE WAS STILL BLEEDING



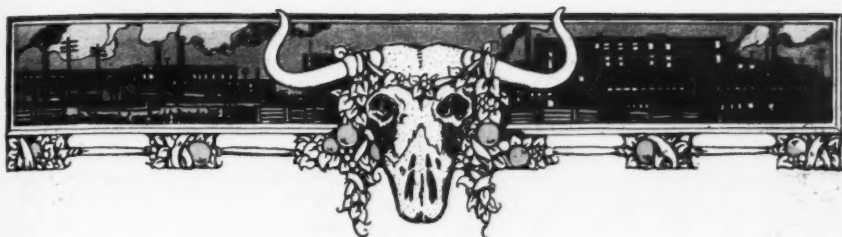
The Height

By Arthur Stringer

UNWON it stands, but ever wooed,
This mockery of light
That lures me forth to solitude
Where Beauty seems the height.

Time was I dreamed some secret stair
Might wind from tower to tower
And open on some purer air
Where Longing dwelt with Power.

But now within my aging soul
The empty years bear fruit
And teach me Art is not the goal
So much as the pursuit!



Owners of America

VIII. The Swifts

By Emerson Hough

Editor's Note.—The Packers and their Kingdom cannot be dismissed with the supposition that the Armours completely control this domain. Equally active, equally vigilant, and equally great are the Swifts. It was Gustavus F. Swift, the founder of the Swift fortunes, who first saw the possibility of the refrigerator-car, and it was his energy that forced a realization of its imperative need in the trade. The Armours, Morrises, Cudahys, and Hammonds have all been forced to use it to-day. There is warfare in the Kingdom of the Packers. Armour, the elder, is fighting for trade dominance with the Swifts, who are younger, but whose organization to-day helps to supply the daily meat for homes all over the world.



OWING to conditions which once existed, a few men edged into control of about one-half of our packing industry—an industry rated as greater than all our railroads, some say even greater than the Steel Trust. Thus, in 1905, the products of this industry tallied about \$913,914,624. It was about 1905 that we began to have pointed out to us the fact that the packers had reduced the cost of preparation and distribution of meat to a good deal less than it was prior to the establishment of the great centralized live-stock markets and their logical sequence, the great packing-plants. Long ago we felt our bosoms swell with pride as we repeated the lesson taught us as to the extreme divisibility, malleability, and indestructibility of that palladium of our liberties, the steer; and we had also glowed with patriotism at being informed that Swift & Company and others had discovered concealed on the person of this steer some one

hundred and fifty-seven varieties of by-products. We began to be very proud of our dominance in the markets of the world.

The exact extent to which a few packers own a portion of America is difficult to get at with accuracy. We are asked to exult in the fact that there were 51,000,000 cattle in the United States in 1906, with about as many sheep and hogs, and that thirty per cent. of the cattle, thirty-seven per cent. of the sheep, and seventy-five per cent. of the hogs were available for consumption. Thus the United States has at its disposal annually, in round figures, more than 14,000,000 cattle, nearly 21,000,000 sheep, and nearly 41,000,000 swine.

We further contemplate the figures that Swifts' sales alone exceeded \$250,000,000 in 1907, that they have about twenty-five thousand persons on the pay-roll, and that they paid their stockholders seven per cent. dividend on \$50,000,000 capital. So much for the main figures as they apply to the organization under consideration.

But it is not so much a question of the

figures to-day as of what the figures after a while will be; and it should be apparent that, under the energetic régime of the packers—which has made a king of corn and doubled the price of farm lands, which has enabled farmers to feed corn, which has enabled packers to get good beef, which has enabled them to sell us beef, mutton, pork, eggs, poultry, butter, and other produce—a good share of this business has been passing steadily, slowly but irresistibly, into the ownership of a very few men.

One may realize these things without being either high browed or low browed, and one may reflect upon them fairly without getting in the least wild eyed or indulging in baseless recrimination. In any case, one may dispassionately go on further to examine into the personnel, so to speak, of our present or future owners. Of these none are more interesting than the Swift family of Chicago.

Gustavus Franklin Swift, the first of this commercial dynasty, was a Cape Cod Yankee who bought a steer now and then and peddled the meat from the back of a certain go-cart which has since become famous. He moved to Albany and went deeper into meats, discarding one after another partners who had not the foresight and daring which he possessed. He located in Chicago, at the beginning of those days of great possibilities in bringing into touch the new West and the older East. It was he who invented the first refrigerator-cars. This was the one revolutionary act which put his sons and a few other sons in very fair control of half of the meat of America. He saw the market for dressed beef extended only after the hardest of fights. All great revolutions are fought against. All the East, all England, all Europe, fought the idea of dressed beef and then accepted it. I doubt if we could do without it now.

After his death the great business system built up by Gustavus F. Swift passed without a hitch into the hands of a numerous family, who made their one object in life a devotion to its perpetuity and extension. All they want for the company is a share of the earth and the fulness thereof as it relates to the meat business. The most democratic of all the packers, the Swifts of to-day, as swollen millionaire figures run, are individually not very rich men. They do not speculate. They are all devoted to this one business of food products, and know nothing better than that business. Under them the progress of the

business has been steady, on the old lines of system and development and scientific search for new and good methods; but there has been no revolution, only evolution. Improvement there has been in abundance in all Packingdom. There are no cleaner or better abattoirs in the world than those in Chicago. Bohemians, Lithuanians, Austrians, and Poles are not boiled or made into chicken-croquettes or sausages à la Sinclair. Our reputation abroad is now spotless, though once in the spot-light. Here, as in other concerns, wooden buildings are being replaced by those with cement floors, tiled walls, and curved corners, where the hose does duty instead of the ineffective broom. Here is a splendid business organization, hard working, conscientious, enterprising, democratic, and decent. They are devoted to one idea, which is to sell you and me the meat that we eat.

Of Swifts to-day there are many. There is the president of the company, Louis F. Swift; the vice-president, Edward F.; and Charles H., Herbert L., George H., Gustavus F., Jr., and Harold H. There was Annie May Swift, whose memory is honored in Swift Hall of Northwestern University; and there are Helen Swift Morris and Ruth Swift Eversz. Of all these Harold H. is the only one of the men who ever completed a college course, he being a graduate of the University of Chicago last year. The home life of all these is simple. Two of the sons reside with their mother in the old Swift home, 4848 Ellis Avenue, in Chicago. Among them all the work is well distributed and districted. George H. is the head of the New England interests; Charles H. looks after beef and mutton in Chicago and all of the branch houses; Gustavus F., Jr., handles pork; Herbert L., soaps, etc. Harold H., the youngest brother, and Alden B., the eldest son of Louis F., are the latest recruits. Not one of these ever got a desk through nepotism. Each little Swift, as he reached years of discretion, got his four months in the yards with a cattle-buyer, another four with a hog-buyer, another four with a general superintendent, and so on until he was fit to take up executive work and help hold down the system which it is the life-work of the family to keep going.

If sportsmanlike fairness obliges one to say that this big business family is made up of rather democratic business folk, one must go much farther than that, for the house of

Swift & Company embraces some 10,500 shareholders, and you can buy into the firm to-morrow on the open market if you like. Of these shareholders about fifteen per cent. are employees, and the firm has carried for two years any employee who wished stock, and charged him less interest than the annual dividend. The total capitalization of Swift & Company is \$50,000,000. There are packing branches of the house at Kansas City, Omaha, St. Joseph, St. Paul, St. Louis, Fort Worth, besides Chicago. There are many holdings in kindred concerns—stock-yards and the like—nor is it to be supposed that all the family holdings are apparent under the published titles of the trade. The North Packing Company and the Squire Packing Company, of Boston, are Swift concerns; and Louis F. Swift, head of the Union Meat Company of Portland, Oregon, has a good eye there on the coming Oriental trade, via the extension of the legitimate original Swift idea, that it does not pay any part of the country to pay freight on what it does not use. The firm is reaching out for trade; it is the "Swift" idea.

The Swifts do not figure on the Board of Trade. They are unspectacular, unimaginative folk, who plod unemotionally along one steady groove. Their lives are in their business and their families, and they seem to get a certain content from that. As against the many private offices of Armour & Company, Swift & Company have few or none. The desks of a thousand employees are scattered over four broad floors, and among these are many Swifts, democratically undistinguishable, but all unemotionally coming on into

this game of ownership of what we eat. They have a big restaurant in their headquarters building, and the table of the owners is just like any other, and there is no private dining-room.

The president of Swift & Company, Louis F. Swift, is usually called the "Big Boss" by his employees. He has several children. His eldest son, Nathan Swift, was fatally injured in a polo game about two years ago. There remain Alden B., Bessie Swift Fernald, Louis F., Jr., William E., and Ida May.

The perpetuity of the family is further assured by Edward F. Swift, who has three children, Edward F., Jr., Philip, and Annie May. Three of the remaining sons are married; so that on the whole it seems rather needless to look forward to any change in the administration.

All the older Swifts know their Europe thoroughly, but they spend a good part of their travel in the study of business conditions, and send back to the firm many suggestions on how to placate Germany, how to sell hams in Paris, and how to break into Norway with bar-

reled "chucks" and "plates." They do not indulge in fads. They collect no altar-cloths like Mr. Morgan. The family is Methodist, but does not collect even hymn-books. In art and literature they seem not to be specialists; but at least they are distinguished by none of the millionaires' specialties which have made Pittsburg famous. Domestic scandals have never marked them. They do not infest the front page. They are rarely quoted. They do not seek office of any kind. They pack meats—also poultry, eggs, and butter. Calmly they go forward in their amiable



GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT



HOME OF THE LATE GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT, ELLIS AVENUE, CHICAGO

plan of getting this republic on ice or under the soldering-iron.

The elder Swift gave largely to Northwestern University and other educational and religious institutions. His widow and his sons have done much for the former school, and for the Lake Bluff Orphanage. There is also the old family establishment of

Union Avenue Parish House, where, next door to the church, a parson lives above bowling-alleys and billiard-halls, a well-equipped gymnasium and shower-baths—things not customary in Methodist churches, but necessary here as counter attractions against the life offered by Mr. O'Leary and others in that neighborhood. The founder



THE SWIFT FAMILY HOMESTEAD, BARNSTABLE, MASSACHUSETTS

of the Swift fortunes also left \$250,000 to be used by his wife in charity without any accounting to be made; which is to say, without any advertising.

The present head of the family has no series of mansions and does not go in for display. The old home at 4848 Ellis Avenue serves him while in town. He sees his own home only twice or three times a week, when he goes out to his place at Lake Forest, which lies in almost the only charming portion of somewhat charmless Chicago. He has not the average millionaire's mania for automobiles; his hobby is horses, of which he owns a few and good ones. He and all his children ride. He plays a little golf, but not too much, for that takes time, and he must be at his desk before eight A. M. practically for the entire week. He is in the harness. None of the Swifts dares rest.

This head of the firm and family to-day is a big figure of a man, over six feet tall; strapping, bulky, but not fat; gray now about the temples. There is a deal of power in his look. He is clean shaven, strong looking, good timber for stroke oarsman. He is reticent, never willing to be interviewed, exceedingly preferring to be left alone in his enjoyment of his family and his business. If of no great imagination, certainly he is not of the grandstand type. He is silent as to his charities and uncommunicative as to his business. He has written no book in defense of himself or his methods, but if you talk with him he will

converse mostly about smokeless chimneys and cement floors and the new construction which has come to stay in the packing world. One of his pet theories is that the lack of knowledge on the part of the American housewife as to the proper method of cooking seventy-four per cent. of a beef steer is responsible for the relatively higher price of the twenty-six per cent. composed of rib-roasts and sirloin steaks to make a fair average price for the critter. He has not made

his money in outside lines of business. Rich and going to be richer, strong and going to be stronger, with a wide grasp which is going to be wider on the things you and I eat, this one of our owners seems rather a human proposition, after all.

Edward F. Swift would probably not acquiesce if one insisted on having a portrait of him. Wherefore we must do one without a lens. He is rather smaller than his elder brother, dark, with a large unimaginative face and large head well covered with dark hair. His shoulders are just a trifle



LOUIS F. SWIFT
President of Swift & Company

bowed already with his share of this weight of America; he is less communicative than his elder brother. He sits at his desk. He has no sports and few amusements, he is master of few implements and no weapons, although every pen and pencil fits his hand. Born into this life, he takes it as it comes. A quiet love for pictures by Dutch masters, gratified by modest purchases, is his contribution to art. Illustrated lectures on travel

claim an evening a week during the season. Items and totals give him joy. He finds pleasure in business, in his Lake Geneva country home in Wisconsin, and in his domestic life, which, as one is glad to say regarding practically all the great figures of Packingdom, is clean and above reproach.

Edward F. resides in a big, homelike, frame house at 4949 Greenwood Avenue, two blocks from the parental roof on Ellis Avenue. The house is set in the middle of a plot of ground, indicating a love of green grass and tall trees rather than cloister-like halls and Ionic columns of marble on a twenty-five-foot Fifth Avenue lot. Known for his prowess as a natural-born "trader" and balance on the side of conservatism, this "mate of the ship" naturally adapts his hand to the wheel. Upon him has fallen the mantle of looking after the philanthropic and educational institutions, assisted by the elder Swift during his life. Hence we find

him a trustee of Northwestern University, a member of the Union Avenue Parish House board of managers, and in other channels contributing of his time and means in assisting the business administration of affairs which so often sorely need business judgment as a balance-wheel for philanthropy.

I opine that we may say regarding these few of our owners that they employ no "*méchanique*," no "*decepcione*." They got their start in younger, richer, pioneer days. They hold

it under the relentless requirements of continuous labor.

Continually I am asked by seemingly intelligent men to come with them and be a Socialist. I have never taken that rite, because I have so much preferred to retain the perquisites and privileges of a male man under the ancient law of survival. I see no reason why a male sportsman should grudge another the

fruits of his labors if he has won them fairly—a living, a fortune, a woman, a family, a reputation, bread and butter, glory or dyspepsia. As I should not care to exchange places with any of our owners, I am under no bond to admire any of them except as he may be a sportsman and a man. Packers catch much acid writing, for one must admit that no industry in this country has been so unpopular, or has been so bitterly attacked, as theirs. Perhaps some of it has been the packers' own fault. Besides, any pure gold can stand the acid.

Since the days of the old Captain Kidd rebating, the packer's work has been done without "*méchanique*," without "*decepcione*"; the hand of the packer perhaps being sometimes quicker than the eye of the public. But as civilization and business are organized today, looking at results and not causes, here are these guests at your table and mine: the Scotch-Irish Armour, the Yankee Swifts, the Irish Cudahys, Nelson Morris from the Black Forest of Europe, and a few others. We do not ask them to our table, but they



CHARLES H. SWIFT

Head of the company's beef and mutton business



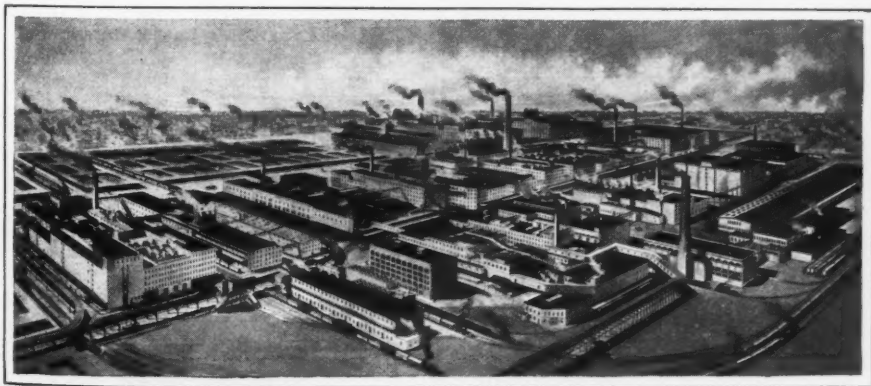
THE FIRST SWIFT PACKING-HOUSE

Contrast this with the great establishment depicted below

are there, and continually they tell us how much they have done for this country and how proud we ought to be of them. I pay more for beefsteak and rib-roast, but in return I am assured that the cornfields of Kansas could not have been developed without the packer. I am told that recently one farmer was able to pay \$9500 for a Hereford bull, another \$5000 for a Shorthorn cow, all to the greater glory of God and America. And, forsooth, I do believe for a double reason, of price and toughness, that my beefsteak came from that former high-priced and

hardy animal after he had served the purpose for which he was bought.

Eat, then, say these shadows at my table—the shadows of Armour and the Swifts and Nelson Morris and the Cudahys and Hammonds, and one or two others, who control more than half the meat products of this country; eat, they say, because there is an open competition in the stock-yards market, and there are 383 packing-houses for United States inspection. They will not have me believe that this is what sort of Lazarus competition exists for the crumbs of the table.



THE CHICAGO PLANT OF SWIFT & COMPANY AT THE PRESENT DAY. IT COVERS FORTY-SEVEN ACRES

They will not tolerate the thought that the real competition in the live-stock market is competition for what is left. Why else should they be at pains to put on our desks these little green-yellow slips giving facts about the yards, which run somewhat thus: "Competition among buyers breaks Chicago record! Just think of it! Outside buyers in a single day buy on Chicago market and ship out 681 carloads of live stock to 195 different consignees at 150 different points in nine different states."

Again we are advised: "The grand total handled February 10 was 88,164 animals. Packers got upward of 51,000 hogs, shippers bought close to 25,000."

Of the 11,000 left over, 4000 were carried by shippers, 7000 by speculators, almost everything being sold. No other live-stock market in the world could have withstood such an enormous run in proportion without a disastrous break in prices. The above facts demonstrate the value to shippers of Chicago's

splendid market facilities, her practically unlimited capacity for handling live stock, and the consequent tremendous demand at Chicago for live stock at the highest average prices."

The foregoing is Union Stock-yards literature, and it is also packers literature, because it supports the competitive statements. In many of these assertions about a competitive market there is more or less dust along with the light of truth and accuracy. The packers—who naturally endorse the justly famous report of Mr. James Garfield, who said at

the time of his investigation that forty-five per cent. of the meat products of the country were handled by the so-called Beef Trust—will to-day admit that the so-called Big Four, with the addition of a very few others, control a little more than half of the total meat-product output of the country. This can be just as true without any combination, and without any of the Captain Kidd rebating and private-car-lining which made the basis of these old stories. But we eat other things

besides these products of cattle, hogs, and sheep. What do we find to be the policy of the packer here?

It is simply the extension of the old and elemental idea of Gustavus F. Swift, to whom occurred the revolutionary thought—perfectly simple, and perfectly open to you and me as well—that it was not business to pay freight on that part of the animal which was not eaten. This development of the refrigerator-car meant by-products, which meant market, which meant control; all of



MRS. LOUIS F. SWIFT

which meant that lock-step of civilization into which we have fallen. The whole thing has worked out of the original merchandising proposition of developing and regulating the Western supply of meats and carrying it to the demand in the East and elsewhere. First it was beef, then those retailers who bought dressed beef demanded dressed hogs as well, also sheep. We make great outcry against the concentrated bigness of the packers, yet the probability is that we would make yet greater outcry if the modern system of food supply

were suddenly cut off and we were put back on the old basis of local butcher-shops. We revile our telephone service, but we cannot give it up. Refrigeration and private car lines do bring us better goods, from a wider market, in greater regularity, and in better condition. We study here not causes, but effects, logical results. Thus, from sheep and hogs it was only a step to poultry. Formerly poultry came in barrels, shipped in direct contact with the ice, and was received often in bad condition. Now it can be handled in the clean, dry, refrigerated atmosphere of the yellow cars we see on all the railroads.

It was the extension of civilization in the form of refrigeration which led the packers to take on poultry. From that it was but a step to eggs. Butter was taken on as a kindred product requiring refrigeration to preserve it in transportation, and it helps to make up some of the volume lost through the curtailment of the manufacture of oleomargarine by putting a tax of ten cents a pound on "oleo" for the use of the same coloring-matter that is used in butter. All these things, perishable and in constant demand, soon will be controlled by those who control refrigerated transportation.



GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT, JR.
Head of the company's pork business



RESIDENCE OF LOUIS F. SWIFT, LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS

The Dawn of the Cotton Century

By Daniel J. Sully

Editor's Note.—In the last issue of the *Cosmopolitan*, Mr. Sully pointed out the supreme importance of cotton in the present-day world, and how the American people have failed to make the most of the opportunities presented by the possession of a staple that can be grown practically nowhere else upon the earth. The following article describes the deplorable situation in which we buy back from England and the Continent two dollars' worth of cotton goods for every dollar's worth we ship abroad. In the April *Cosmopolitan* Mr. Sully will point out the remedy for this state of affairs.



IN all discussion regarding cotton two facts are paramount: first, that cotton controls the world; and second, that the nations that reap a prodigal harvest from the sale of cotton goods depend upon America for the raw supply.

The American people have begun to realize the significance in the fact that alien nations that never saw a cotton-plant have long since entered the Kingdom of Cotton and now divide dominion among themselves, excluding the United States—the country in which the cotton is grown.

The reign of cotton is forever. As long as the race survives cotton goods will be worn in multiplying forms, but the countries that now sell the finished products of cotton to the world have no assurance of permanence in that trade. America's ultimate control in the cotton-world is inevitable. Our manifest destiny as a world-trader in cotton goods looms as a menace across the horizon of European states. America's future in this fabric has awakened the statesmen of all countries save our own. The wealth and progress of the United States are enduringly interwoven with the coming civilization of all cotton-consuming continents. The home for the dynasty of cotton is in the Land of Dixie, not in London and Liverpool.

Knowing our latent power, we can afford to look candidly at some contemporary facts. They are not flattering to our national pride. They reveal a world of opportunity passed by.

If we turn aside for a moment from the paradox and irony of spinners in Lancashire,

Saint Gall, or Chemnitz, three thousand miles and more from a cotton-field, turning out finished cotton garments for many peoples, including some of the Americans who grew the raw material, we can admire the volume of cotton goods massed in the great world-movements of trade. From the factories of Europe and Japan countless ships carry increasing cargoes of cotton fabrics to every civilized port. Goods woven of this staple constitute a vast proportion of the merchandise hauled by train across all continents, and where modern methods of transportation pause, primitive and picturesque carriers take up the burden of the world's cotton output and trudge with these goods to eager customers along the most remote frontiers. Cotton cloth paves the way for Christianity in the jungles of the Dark Continent; to the savages of the Congo cotton cloth is more precious than ivory or gold. Under the midnight sun arctic dogs drag sleds laden with cotton goods. The condor and the eagle look down wonderingly upon pack-trains carrying the product of European cotton-mills across the Andes. The yak goes burdened with cotton goods into Tibet. Godowns along Chinese streams are stored with cotton goods awaiting shipment, and to the upper reaches of the Yang-tse and Hoang-ho the native Chinese trader on his junk carries cotton cloths and garments to interior tribes. Burros laden with cotton goods from England and Germany pick their way across the mountains of Mexico. The elephants of India and the camels of the Levant and Egypt carry cotton goods.

And the unique and almost unbelievable fact is that this incredible volume of traffic in cotton goods is engineered by countries

that do not and cannot raise the raw supply. The energy and ambition of Europe and Japan are pledged to transporting cotton goods to the remotest door, but America, which furnishes the unmanufactured product and makes possible the commercial invasion of the world, has little share in the profit from that conquest.

The contest among the powers to-day is for trade, and cotton in some form is the chief commodity carried. As never before in history, the ships that cross and recross the sea "are weaving the warp and the woof of the world's civilization." The ships of western Europe go forth laden with cotton goods. England leads in the mighty world-traffic. That kingdom has had the far-seeing wisdom to provide cheap transportation between the factories of England and the consuming countries. And Germany's wonderful rise to rivalry is due to the clear vision that sees the future of its empire on the

sea. The new successes of Japan are founded upon the multiplying exports from its cotton-mills. The Sunrise Kingdom is actually selling abroad more cotton goods than silk, and hitherto silk has been commercially supreme in the Far East. In fact, cotton goods constitute the most important factor in the commerce of every great country except America.

There is portent of great and revolutionary

changes in the world's trade in cotton goods. It is inconceivable that other nations can go on at the expense of America, winning trade triumphs with a commodity which they do not naturally possess, which they cannot obtain in sufficient quantities outside of the United States, and which they could not manufacture at a profit but for the fact that we sell the product near and, at times, even below the cost of raising it. There is no

logical reason why the United States should sell Europe only four million dollars' worth of finished cotton goods a year while that part of the world exports to us more than fifty million dollars' worth. And there is no logical reason why it should continue to be possible and profitable for a little, half-frozen country on the roof of Europe to reach out to America, purchase hundreds of thousands of bales of cotton, and, after carrying them across the Atlantic, ship them back to the United States in fin-

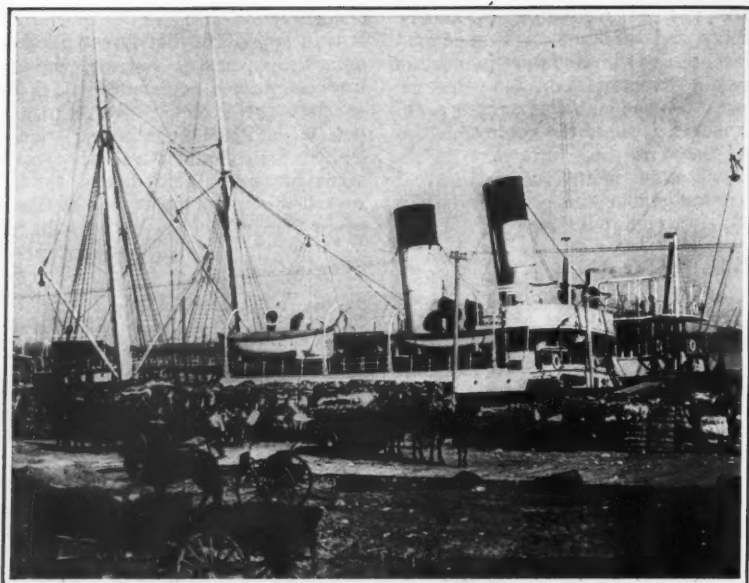
ished form and in quantities amounting in value to fifteen million dollars in a year.

We have been unjustifiably jubilant regarding our foreign trade. We do sell abroad enormous quantities of goods and materials, but in respect to cotton it is largely the raw product, on which there is little profit. Alone of all the industrial nations, the United States is not an important factor in the sale of cotton goods to mankind. For



Photograph by Bangs

DANIEL J. SULLY



"WEAVING THE WARP AND THE WOOF OF THE WORLD'S CIVILIZATION"

British steamship loading cotton at New Orleans. Scarcely any cotton is exported in American vessels

instance, of the international demand for cotton yarns we supply less than one-third of one per cent!

Here is the record, up to the date of writing, disclosing America's unsuccess as an international trader in cotton goods:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS OF COTTON GOODS
FOR THE TEN MONTHS ENDING
OCTOBER, 1908.

IMPORTS OF COTTON CLOTHS, DYED, UNBLEACHED,
PAINTED, ETC.

From	
England.....	\$5,705,453
France.....	517,047
Germany.....	329,819
Switzerland.....	297,360
Other Europe.....	228,818
Japan.....	80,526
Other countries.....	1,297

Total..... \$7,160,320

IMPORTS OF COTTON CLOTHING
(knit goods)

From	
England.....	\$92,939
France.....	193,610
Germany.....	5,732,330
Switzerland.....	229,825
Other countries.....	28,290
Other clothing.....	3,007,658

Total..... \$9,284,652

IMPORTS OF LACES, EDGINGS, EMBROIDERIES, IN-
SECTIONS, TRIMMINGS, LACE CURTAINS, ETC.

From	
England.....	\$4,607,791
Belgium.....	196,959
France.....	5,745,798
Germany.....	3,008,967
Switzerland.....	8,526,309
Other Europe.....	154,017
Asia and Oceania.....	159,085
Other countries.....	24,581
Plushes, thread, etc.....	5,918,400

Total..... \$28,341,907

Total imports..... \$44,786,879

EXPORTS OF COTTON GOODS, DYED, UNBLEACHED,
PAINTED, ETC.

To	
England.....	\$398,475
Germany.....	3,847
Turkey.....	112,165
Other Europe.....	62,684
British North America.....	463,780
Central America.....	1,349,332
Mexico.....	143,956
Argentina.....	107,982
Chinese Empire.....	4,028,650
Other countries.....	7,606,617

Total..... \$14,277,488

EXPORTS OF CLOTHING

Knit goods.....	\$1,095,781
All other.....	2,246,120
Cotton waste.....	2,164,347
Yarn.....	405,691
All other.....	2,434,381
Total.....	\$8,346,320
Total exports.....	\$22,623,808

An analysis of this trade in cotton goods reveals that of our exports more than six million dollars' worth consists of unbleached cloths, while of our imports more than twenty-two million dollars' worth consists of finer fabrics, including embroideries, laces, and curtains. Altogether the figures show that while we exported in the ten months ending with October, 1908, twenty-two million dollars' worth of the output of our cotton-mills, the nations sold to us almost one hundred per cent. more than we sold to them.

It is a grotesque and almost unbelievable item in the commerce of this age that a resourceful nation like America, the producer of

the world's cotton, should buy back two dollars' worth of cotton goods for every dollar's worth it ships abroad.

When our competitors buy from us eight or nine million bales of unmanufactured cotton, it is a mark of their enterprise, not of ours. The greater part of our foreign trade is the result of suction from abroad, not of propulsion from America. The need of the nations is for our raw cotton, and they send their ships to get it. If we were aborigines and raised cotton, we could sell it. It requires no salesmen or advertising to make raw cotton popular in all industrial centers from Manchester to Milan, and eastward to Japan. If we did not have a plank afloat, we could sell raw cotton to the world. America is not a serious competitor for trade overseas. In all the annals of national pride and delusion there has been no greater folly than the present popular belief in the United States that we have engineered a commercial invasion abroad. The trading nations must



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COTTON FINDS ITS WAY BEYOND THE EDGE OF MODERN TRANSPORTATION
Pack-train carrying cotton goods through the Nankow Pass near the great wall
of northern China

The Dawn of the Cotton Century

have our cotton, and while upward of 190 tariff walls fence them off in their rivalry, they all fear America and carefully put raw cotton on the free list.

There has been a notable increase in the bulk of our foreign commerce, but we have merely kept pace with the whole world's advance. In fact, it is the progress in purchasing power of foreign nations that has made possible our heavy exports of raw materials. We have been boasting of out-borne cargoes that enriched our rivals far more than they did America. When we cite the mere totals of our foreign trade without examining the nature of that traffic we blind ourselves to the magnificent field awaiting American enterprise abroad.

The rivalry for foreign markets, the improvements in the facilities for reaching them, and cotton's marvelous contribution to merchandise have so revolutionized the world's trade that the commerce of former centuries is insignificant in comparison. The foreign traffic of any of the leading industrial nations to-day exceeds in volume and value the total foreign trade of all countries combined a hundred years ago! The annual external trade of even so diminutive a country as the Netherlands exceeds the billion-dollar mark. And this astounding increase in the trade of nations, creating virtually a new earth, is due in large measure to the volume of cotton-manufacture and the world-wide sale of cotton goods. We fail to keep in mind that in that world-traffic America does not share. We have been boasting of mere bulk—boasting while we have been sending to industrial Europe the raw supply without which it could not compete with America for a year.

Gladstone estimated that the wealth ac-

cumulated by the nations during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century equaled all that had been stored up by mankind in the preceding 1800 years, and that their multiplying fortunes between 1850 and 1870 duplicated the record of the foregoing fifty. So that in those seventy years the increase of the

world's wealth exceeded by one hundred per cent. the piled-up treasures of all lands in all the preceding centuries since the birth of Christ. And the accumulations since 1870 are literally beyond compute.

Such a world with its consuming power is the market that confronts America, the country that alone possesses the commodity indispensable to the nations. Thus far we have neglected

our stewardship. During the last fiscal year we sold to the Old World only a little over four million dollars' worth of finished cotton goods. Our best customer in that part of the world was the United Kingdom, which bought from us \$1,853,984 worth. But while we were growing foolishly proud over that, England was selling us \$23,165,392 worth of cotton goods spun of our own material. The itemized columns, placed side by side, are a reproach to resourceful America. Here is the record, preserved by our own Bureau of Statistics:

EXPORTS OF COTTON GOODS
FROM ENGLAND TO THE U.S.

Waste	\$194,225
Unbleached..	214,031
Dyed, etc....	10,072,089
Clothing....	204,746
Knit goods..	114,489
Curtains, etc.	6,859,918
Plushes, etc..	635,065
Thread and yarns.....	3,003,002
All other....	1,867,827

Total, \$23,165,392

EXPORTS OF COTTON GOODS
FROM THE U.S. TO ENGLAND

Waste	\$479,351
Bleached....	10,962
Dyed, etc....	36,953
Clothing.....	989,454

Yarn.....	13,835
All other....	323,429

Total, \$1,853,984



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PEASANT HOUSEWIFE WEAVING COTTON CLOTH IN JAPAN

Such is the inglorious story of our traffic with our greatest European customer. And England is adding to its cotton-spindles at the rate of more than two hundred thousand every thirty days! In the last twelve months this increase in the United Kingdom was 2,765,000. And every new mill and every new spindle in England is erected with the confidence that the raw cotton can be obtained from the American planter at prices which beggar him.

KING COTTON ON A BRITISH THRONE

Cotton is the world's king, but it sits on a British throne!

Last year we exported a little over two hundred million yards of piece goods, valued at fifteen million dollars, but at the same time the United Kingdom was selling abroad more than six billion yards, valued at more than four hundred million dollars!

If you confront the ordinary jubilant statistician with the cold analysis of our unsucccess abroad, the rejoinder is apt to be that, after all, America for many years has had a "favorable balance of trade." In a recent optimistic review of America's foreign commerce it is set forth with much elation that

the excess of exports over imports in the past fiscal year amounted in value to \$446,000,000. But to get those figures we had to count in \$482,000,000 worth of raw cotton shipped abroad; and if we cross out raw cotton from the record, our foreign commerce reveals an export trade considerably less than our import; and as unmanufactured cotton is sold abroad through no enterprise on the part of America, but is rather a traffic resulting from our neglect of our opportunity, there is nothing in the mere totals of our foreign traffic to warrant the complacency of our statesmen.

There was a time when Yankee packets carried American wares around the world, but we have abandoned our ships, and they have all but vanished from the seas. The federal hand has been busy building breakwaters, scooping out harbors, and deepening inland waterways. Now we are cutting a channel through the hemisphere. We have built and maintained (and should continue to do so) a protecting coast and continental wall completely around our industries; so that the domestic commerce of America today exceeds by more than one hundred per cent. the total exports from all nations com-



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WEAVING COTTON THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM ITS HOME
Making fine hosiery on modern looms at Balbriggan, Ireland



Copyright, 1903, by Alphonse H. Sanborn

VIEW OF THE AMOSKEAG MILLS, MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
IN THIS GREAT PLANT OVER TWO HUNDRED MILLION

bined. Conscious of our strength, and in the presence of bewildering achievements at home, we find it difficult to realize that our dominion pauses at the shores of our seas. The decline of our merchant marine from the days of great achievement is not the result of any decrease in our national vigor. The energy and genius of the American people have simply been withdrawn from the sea. We have expended our ingenuity and strength and riches in exploiting the continent, or at least the northern and western part of it, with the result that we have developed between the two great oceans the most successful industrial nation the world has known.

AMERICAN SHIPS DO NOT CARRY COTTON

We have not yet really ventured beyond. If we analyze the foreign trade of our Atlantic ports we shall find that Europe and other countries sell them more than they export. That favorable balance which has been the theme of so much patriotic speech all comes from the exports of raw cotton from the cities of the South. And it cannot be too clearly kept in mind that this is not a record of American success. It is not a trade in which American ships can boast, for it is not carried on by them.

Last year, not a single American ship sailed oversea from Savannah, but 196 foreign steamships carrying raw cotton cleared from that port.

From Mobile 547 foreign steamships cleared, bearing more than half a million

cargo tons. It was cotton. From that Gulf city the federal records report the forlorn fact that only *one* American steam-craft cleared for a foreign port during the entire twelve months, and that was a little vessel whose cargo weighed seven tons. Such is the fiasco of our foreign trade.

From New Orleans sixty American steamships carried the paltry total of 149,000 tons; while more than a thousand foreign steamships bore away 1,981,000 tons. From Pensacola 146 foreign vessels cleared, and not one American. Must America, possessing a monopoly of the raw material without which Europe could not retain its place as an industrial continent, be besieged by foreign craft forever?

The nations of the world must come to us for cotton as surely as Israel in the days of ancient jamine went to Egypt for corn.

The South is also becoming a manufacturing country, but from all of the Gulf ports last year only 326 American steamships cleared, carrying but 405,000 tons, and this went principally to near-by Caribbean and Mexican ports. The great export trade of the South—its shipments of unmanufactured cotton—went in 2680 foreign steamships bearing 4,861,000 tons.

In the traffic in cotton goods foreign nations have but one advantage over America—they have subsidized ships. But that is a handicap which America can overcome, if the American merchants determine to do so.



THE LARGEST COTTON-WEAVING PLANT IN THIS COUNTRY
YARDS OF COTTON CLOTH ARE WOVEN EVERY YEAR

Yet many facts bear home the graphic fact that America to-day falls far short of being a maritime power. We have even been crowded out of our own colonial harbors. At the beginning of the current decade Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay destroyed the last of the Spanish armadas. All America was vibrant with the promise of that victory. We had swung open the gates of the East. We should not only dominate the commerce of our new-found archipelago, but the trade of Cathay should be ours.

The outcome has failed thus far to justify our hopes. The fleets of our competitors are carrying cotton goods to the Philippines. We have a preferential tariff in our favor, but not even this advantage of fifteen per cent. under the customs charges which our rivals must pay gives us the trade. Last year the

exports of cotton goods to the Philippines were valued at \$8,011,141, of which the United States supplied but \$604,742 worth. Great Britain has been able to secure the greater part of this trade. Altogether our competitors sold to our Asiatic islands nearly twice the value of cotton goods that the

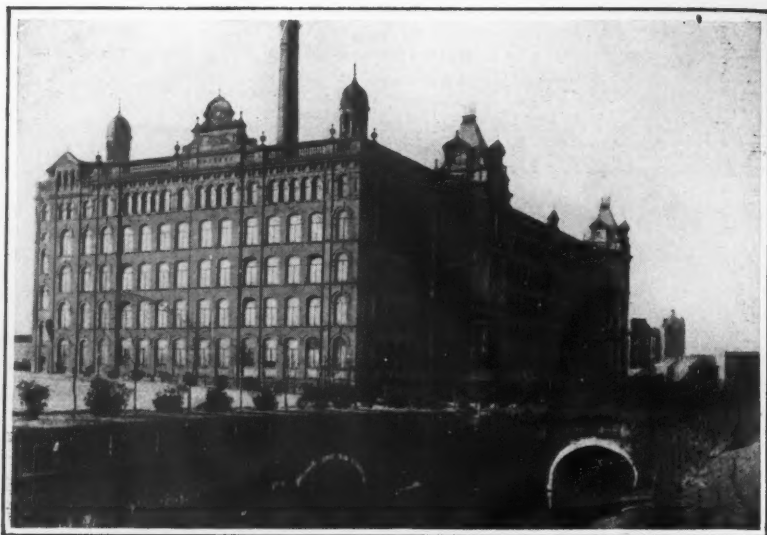
United States exported to the United Kingdom and continental Europe combined. And the continued paradox and irony of such defeats is that America supplies the raw material.

British commerce leads the world to-day, but that supremacy, founded, as it is, on the sale of cotton goods throughout the world, is not permanent. It lacks an enduring

element. There have been great commercial centers in the past that enjoyed an enviable trade that seemed as secure as England's. Vasco da Gama's cruise to India, revealing a



MAKING COTTON INTO BUNDLES IN AN ENGLISH MILL



WHERE COTTON THREAD COMES FROM. THE GREAT COATS MILLS, PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

route that was more practicable than the one traversed by the slow caravans across western Asia,¹ paved the way for the downfall of Venice and other Mediterranean cities that had thriven on the trade with the East. The merchants of Venice had indeed controlled the world's commerce, but they had to bow to Spanish galleons, and these in turn gave way to the fleets of the Hanseatic League. Then the ships of England prevailed, and the rise of cotton to the leading place in the world's trade gave England its opportunity.

Lord Rosebery in a recent speech said that if the mother country had retained the American colonies, the British capital long before this would have moved across the Atlantic. In its unapproached supremacy as a trading nation the picture of Great Britain painted by Lord Rosebery may seem bizarre; yet that migration of the Anglo-Saxon capital to America might now take place in less than a decade if England could not get its raw cotton from the South. It is true, as all men know, that England's "dominion over palm and pine" is due to the fact that its ships carry to the consuming nations cotton goods spun of America's raw material.

During the Civil War, when England was unable to get its regular supply of cotton from America, the mills of the United Kingdom were compelled to close, and more than

two million people in that country dependent upon those factories were reduced to starvation. Parliament was convened in special session, and large sums were appropriated and turned over to societies created by the nation to look after the needs of the multitudes of British workingmen made destitute through inability of the manufacturers to import cotton from America. To-day even the report of a shortage in our cotton harvest creates panic and distress in the mills and mill-communities of the United Kingdom.

COTTON AND MATERIAL PROGRESS

Ours is the factory age, the era in which have been produced goods that are within the reach of the purses of the multitude, and it dates from the invention of cotton-spinning machinery. In truth, the progress of mankind along material lines started with the dawn of cotton a hundred years ago.

Down through the ages and trenching on the eighteenth century a strange belief haunted the minds of men that somewhere in the mysterious East there grew a plant which yielded wool. Many writers and travelers reported that a marvelous shrub grew on the inland plains of Asia, that when it flowered a tiny animal in all ways resembling a lamb stepped forth, and that the fleece of this creature was woven by the Hindus into a fabric infinitely finer than any

garments made of wool. It was prophesied and widely believed that if this quadruped could be caught and bred its fleece would supply the most delicate garments for mankind; and in proof of this belief were exhibited the occasional rare fabrics that found their way westward from Calicut.

The voyage of Columbus was not prompted by science. It was not an exploration for the purpose of opening up a new domain. It was a maritime trip undertaken to extend the commerce of western Europe with Cathay, an all-inclusive term for the countries of the Far East that trafficked in costly goods which were as yet a luxury and even a curiosity to the Anglo-Saxon and Latin peoples. In 1497, shortly after Columbus had startled Europe with his discoveries, Vasco da Gama, whose influence upon national and commercial destinies was second only to the great Italian's, sailed with letters of introduction to the King of Calicut. This potentate, whose subjects possessed the secret of weaving wonderful cloth from vegetable wool, was the most powerful Eastern monarch of his day. From his land went the cloths that to the present day derive their name from his ancient capital. Thus Vasco da Gama, for Portugal, found a route to the country where the secret of weaving cotton was known; and Columbus, for Spain, discovered the land that was ultimately to produce the cotton for mankind. Had they but had the vision to read the future they could have for the nations they served divided the world into two parts, as Portugal and Spain tried to do on less substantial grounds. But unenlightened Europe clung to the myth of the wool-bearing animal growing on an Asiatic shrub. The legend of the vegetable lamb of Tatar persisted almost down to the days of modern industrial awakening. In fact, late in the eighteenth century the German government sent a scientist to Tatar to investigate the incredible tale.

The story of the rise of cotton to the leading place in the commerce of the world is a graphic reproduction of the history of all progress. Just as Christendom was restricted by the makers of pagan shrines, who saw in the new civilization a menace to their trade, so cotton-manufacturing was challenged not only by the wage-workers who demolished the early machinery, but also by the manufacturers of woolens, linens, and silks. In the second decade of the eighteenth century England attempted to keep out cot-

ton by putting an excise duty of three pence on every square yard of calico consumed in the kingdom. Cotton gaining in spite of this handicap, it was then saddled with a tax of six pence a yard. In the third decade of that century the use of cotton goods was absolutely forbidden throughout England, and everyone found wearing a cotton garment incurred a fine of twenty dollars. Every merchant guilty of selling cotton goods was fined one hundred dollars for each offense.

THE COTTON CENTURY IS HERE

Cotton came with the insignia of a new civilization, and all the conservative force of England tried to trample it to the ground. It was not until nearly the middle of the eighteenth century that the manufacture of calico was made lawful. And only the wool could be cotton then. The British law insisted that linen must constitute the warp.

As late as 1758 the presence in Liverpool of twenty-five bags of Jamaica cotton was regarded as such a burden upon industry that this pitifully small consignment could be got rid of only by public auction. And the advertisement announced that the twenty-five bags would be disposed of in five separate lots.

What might have been the history of the world had England taken immediate advantage of the power possessed by cotton affords daring opportunity for conjecture.

We may smile at the fact that India, which taught Europe the first secrets of the cotton-trade, has been buying its cotton garments from British mills. The imperial ruler whom Vasco da Gama visited in his court little dreamed that Calicut would some day be importing calico. Yet the Hindu operative fixing his loom primitively under tamarind- and mango-trees, and finding himself incapable of competing with the cargoes of factory-made goods laid down on the shores of India by British ships, is less of an impotent spectacle than the Southern cotton-grower, backed by the genius, traditions, and promise of America, producing raw material for the world at starvation prices, and quietly yet steadily yielding vassalage from an American granulator to an English suzerain. Does the future hold possibilities that our great American country shall be dominated by alien holders of our cotton-lands? Now is the time for American statesmen, American genius, to awaken. The dawn of the cotton century is here.

Tempus Fugit

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by W. Glackens

Allud corde premunt, aliud ore promunt.—Latin proverb



THE proverb quoted above means, "One thing they keep back in the heart; they express another with the mouth." It has nothing whatever to do with this tale, but a Latin quotation always looks well at the head of a story. I found it in the dictionary under the heading of "Quotations, Words, Phrases, etc., from the Greek, the Latin, and Modern Foreign Languages," and it appealed to me so strongly that I feel some acknowledgment is due to its author. There was also a Greek phrase whose translation aroused feelings in my heart, but I could not make head nor tail of the original. I will now tell you what happened to Diefenbach.

Ezra Diefenbach came from Rhenish Prussia to Avenue A—which is on the outskirts of the Ghetto—to escape the tyranny of the German monarchy and to make his fortune. In the former he succeeded. As to the latter—well, Diefenbach was half owner of the Café Bismarck, an establishment on Avenue A that dispensed nothing stronger than coffee, never closed its door, and was the favorite resort of all the pinochle-players of the neighborhood. From the fact that Diefenbach was half owner of this property you might possibly deduce an opinion as to his prosperity that would be erroneous, so I may as well tell you the truth.

It was Semmel's idea to start this café, and he took his old crony Diefenbach in as waiter. Semmel's full name was Otto von Semmel, and he was a full-fledged member of the German peerage. But Avenue A and Houston Street are full of peers of all nationalities, struggling to make both ends meet, and Semmel, finding his noble preposition a meager asset, abandoned it. He and Diefenbach had crossed the ocean to-

gether, had struggled and suffered together, and when Semmel thought he saw an opportunity to acquire affluence he insisted that his friend should prosper with him.

But, alas! cafés exactly like the Café Bismarck seemed to spring up around them overnight, like mushrooms, and it frequently happened that when, at the end of the week, Semmel paid Diefenbach the fifteen dollars wages they had agreed upon, he had considerably less than that amount left for himself. The pinochle-players who, to a casual observer, gave the place an air of great prosperity, came there regularly enough and made quite a lot of noise, but, as a rule, each player purchased one cup of coffee every five hours and nothing more. In the afternoons, when the place was deserted, Semmel and Diefenbach fell into the habit of playing pinochle themselves and played quite heavily, too, for their means. It happened, not infrequently, that Diefenbach's week's wages or his employer's week's profits were won or lost in advance. Then, one afternoon, after a rather unusual run of hard luck, Diefenbach, having no further money to lose, offered to stake his position as waiter against a half-interest in the business plus three dollars cash. In case he won, it was agreed that he need not take the half-interest, but could keep the three dollars. He lost and, for a while, instead of receiving a weekly salary had to content himself with half the profits. Subsequently Semmel won the waitership for himself and drew the regular salary of fifteen dollars a week until Diefenbach won the post back. And so it went, first one filling the coveted post of waiter, then the other and, frequently, both merely sharing the week's profits of the café—until the Widow Wendel came. And then all was changed. Isn't it amazing what one little widow can do?

They were at the stage of partnership in

business when Cohen, their landlord, informed them that he had employed Mrs. Wendel as janitress and asked them to do all they could to help her, as she was a deserving woman, far above her station, and compelled to do housework by stress of the direst necessity. That afternoon Semmel saw her for the first time and promptly went in and shaved. When, later in the day, Diefenbach saw her he immediately donned a clean collar.

That was how it began, and very quickly it grew worse. Both men had reached middle age without ever having been seriously smitten, and now, in a twinkling, without warning or preparation, both succumbed to the widow's charms. And, lest you think they were unusually susceptible creatures, I may as well tell you that Anna Wendel was not only young and good looking and amiable and vivacious, but she had a certain roguish poise of the head and a certain twinkle in her eyes that could easily have

bowled over a man of far greater experience in life than either Semmel or Diefenbach. You could not, in fairness, have called her a coquette, yet no other word adequately described her simplest, most natural word or gesture. Diefenbach and Semmel fell head over heels in love with her, and yet, curiously enough, for a long time neither even mentioned her name to the other. Only they ceased playing pinochle and, when they were together in the café, maintained an ominous silence and watched each other furtively.

One day Diefenbach received from Germany a letter containing a draft for a few hundred dollars that had unexpectedly been left to him by a distant relative. He deposited the money in a savings bank, retaining merely a sufficient amount to enable him to indulge in the great dream of his life—a silk hat. When the weather grew warmer he sat for hours in front of the café, with his hat shining in the sunlight, inwardly gloat-



WHEN HE BEHELD HIS PARTNER AND THE WIDOW SAUNTERING UP AVENUE A THERE WAS NOT A MORE UNHAPPY MAN IN ALL THE CITY THAN OTTO VON SEMMEL

ing over his partner's envy. Diefenbach was a quiet man, unassuming to the point of timidity and extremely sensitive to ridicule or rebuff. The profound silence that prevailed in the Café Bismarck when he and his partner were alone was not as oppressive to him as it was to Semmel. Semmel, on the contrary, was of the loquacious, noisy type, and the profound silence soon wore upon his nerves.

The widow had bestowed her smiles with strict impartiality. She had told Diefenbach that his silk hat was very becoming, but, an hour later, had informed Semmel that she had never before seen him looking so well. Neither had reason to reproach the other. But the day was hot, and Semmel was peevish. So he said to Diefenbach,

"Say, you old fool, have you nothing else to do but to sit in front of the café making eyes at Mrs. Wendel?"

Diefenbach gazed at him in surprise. "You are a bigger fool!" was the only retort he could think of.

Semmel revolved in his mind a dozen biting retorts and then, deciding that actions spoke louder than words, promptly turned and went up-stairs to Mrs. Wendel's apartment. In a few minutes he returned with a triumphant grin.

"She is going to the theater with me to-night," he said. "You see, I know how to treat a lady. I don't sit out there all day long making love-sick faces at her."

Diefenbach's heart sank, but he said never a word. All that afternoon Semmel was in a merry mood, and toward evening he began to dress himself with scrupulous care. Suddenly he turned to his partner.

"I say, Diefenbach," he said. "You're not going out to-night. You might as well lend me your silk hat. We wear the same size."

Diefenbach bestowed upon him a long, contemptuous stare and then, lighting his pipe, gazed at the ceiling in silence.

"Oh, very well," said Semmel. "If you want to be jealous, be jealous." And, after a moment's pause, "She likes me better without a hat than you with fifty hats on your head."

The next afternoon the widow paused before Diefenbach in his chair in front of the café. "Oh, it was such a beautiful play! You must surely go and see it. I get so little pleasure these days that I've just been raving over that play all day long."

Diefenbach hesitated just one second, then plunged. "Will you come out for a walk with me this evening?"

"Of course!" replied the widow with a promptness that took Diefenbach's breath away. And all that afternoon it was Diefenbach's turn to be merry. He spent several hours in polishing his silk hat and trimmed his beard with unusual care. Semmel pretended absolute indifference, but when, in the twilight, he beheld his partner and the widow, arm in arm, sauntering slowly up Avenue A there was not a more unhappy man in all the city than Otto von Semmel.

They walked over to Broadway and then up Broadway where the brilliance and the gaiety filled the widow with rapture and turned Diefenbach's head.

"Listen!" she cried, stopping before one of the restaurants. "Isn't that music beautiful?"

"Let us go in," said Diefenbach promptly.

"To-night I am a spender."

They went in and sat down and ate and drank, and Diefenbach was in a whirl of bliss. A group of people, dust stained and carrying fur garments, entered.

"They must have come in an automobile," said the widow. "Do you know, I have never been in an automobile. I wonder how it feels."

"Excuse me a minute," said Diefenbach. He approached the cashier's desk. "*Sprechen Sie Deutsch?*" he asked.

"Nix," responded the cashier.

Then Diefenbach plunged into English. "How much costs it for a borrow from a automobile for a little bit?"

"You want to hire an automobile?"

Diefenbach nodded.

"Oh, about five dollars an hour. Why don't you take a taxicab? They're cheap and just as good."

"What is it a capsytag?" asked Diefenbach. The cashier explained to him the principle of the taximeter, told him the rates, and, sending for the head waiter, asked him to take Diefenbach outside and show him a taxicab. Diefenbach carefully inspected a green, natty-looking vehicle, then, returning to the friendly cashier, said, "It all the same is like a automobile, ain't it?"

"Sure!" replied the cashier.

"Come," said Diefenbach to the widow. "I will now take you for your first automobile ride." The widow clapped her hands



HE GLANCED AT THE BILL. IT WAS ONE DOLLAR

with delight, and there rose in Diefenbach's mind a picture of Semmel's face. He chuckled.

"Where to?" asked the chauffeur. Diefenbach turned to his companion.

"Oh, anywhere—anywhere at all," said she. "I just want to see how it feels."

The chauffeur seemed to understand. He drove across to Fifth Avenue and then northward to and through the park. It was a moonlit night, the air was balmy, and the taxicab behaved beautifully; Diefenbach enjoyed it all as much as the widow did. For a while he kept his eyes upon the dial of the taximeter. Only forty cents! How ridiculously cheap! He would take the widow out in a taxicab every night. Then the indicator jumped to fifty cents. Tut! A mere trifle! Diefenbach ceased to look at it and looked at the widow instead.

Now, when you are riding in an open vehicle with a charming woman and the moon is shining overhead and the road stretches smoothly on, without end, and the fragrance of spring is in the air—you know how it is, do you not? Well, so it was with

Diefenbach. The widow had never before seemed to him so fair. Never before had she smiled upon him so sweetly nor chatted so gaily about everything in the world save the one matter that troubled his mind. Diefenbach thought it all out very carefully. He reviewed his lonesome past, and he thought of his cheerless present and his hopeless future. Then he blurted out,

"Anna, will you marry me?"

The widow's eyes opened wide, her lips trembled—although Diefenbach was not sure whether it was distress or merriment that moved her—then, slowly, she shook her head.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Diefenbach," she said. "I'm engaged to Mr. Cohen. Didn't Mr. Semmel tell you?"

"The landlord?" asked Diefenbach faintly. The lady nodded. Diefenbach sat in gloomy silence for a moment. Then, suddenly, "Did Semmel ask you to marry him?" he asked.

The widow smiled. "That is a secret," she replied archly.

A slow smile overspread Diefenbach's face. "Then he did. Because if he didn't

it wouldn't be a secret. Never mind. I won't tell him."

The widow sat silent, and Diefenbach grinned. At least Semmel was no better off than he.

And thus endeth the first part.

II

DIEFENBACH leaned forward and inspected the taximeter. It registered three dollars and ninety cents.

"*Donnerwetter!*" he exclaimed. "Go back! Turn around!"

The chauffeur promptly turned the machine and began to retrace his course. Diefenbach glanced furtively at the widow and found that she was rapturously gazing at the moon. Then, stealthily, his hands stole into his pockets and he began to count his money. The first pocket contained seventy-five cents. A second pocket contained two one-dollar bills. He knew they were one-dollar bills because he remembered putting them there. In a third pocket, quite unexpectedly, he felt another bill, but had no recollection of putting it there and could not remember what its denomination was. If it was a five-dollar bill he was safe. If it was less he was in a precarious position. He crumpled it in his hand.

"Is that a house among the trees there?" he asked. The moment the widow's head was turned he glanced at the bill. It was one dollar. Diefenbach groaned.

"Where to?" asked the chauffeur.

"To Avenue A and Houston Street," replied Diefenbach. The widow beamed upon him.

"You are going to ride home all the way in an automobile? How noble you are, Mr. Diefenbach!"

The noble Diefenbach could only groan. Where else could he go? The process of counting the money in your pockets surreptitiously and without your neighbor suspecting what you are doing does not take long to describe, but during the performance the taximeter mounted to four dollars and thirty cents. Where could he get the money save at Avenue A and Houston Street? To borrow from the widow was out of the question. She might not have it or she might refuse. So Diefenbach made a virtue of necessity.

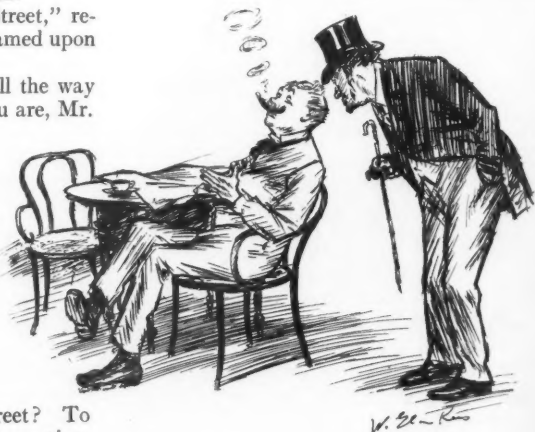
"Yes," he replied loftily, "when I do a thing I like to do it stylishly."

"That's the kind of man I like," responded the widow. But Diefenbach had neither eyes nor ears for her any longer. During the remainder of that ride he sat with his eyes glued to the indicator, and each time it leaped forward to a higher figure his heart sank. And how fast it seemed to move now! When they started out it seemed to Diefenbach that the indicator would never get beyond fifty cents. He had looked at it half a dozen times, and it always had registered the same fifty cents. But now, every time the vehicle bumped over an obstruction in the road or passed a corner it seemed to him that the amount jumped upward ten cents more. The road stretched ahead interminably.

"Heavens!" thought Diefenbach. "I had no idea we had gone so far!"

They finally came to the lower end of the park, and in the glare of an electric light Diefenbach observed that the taximeter now registered five dollars and seventy cents.

"You are quiet, Mr. Diefenbach," the widow observed. Diefenbach did not even deign to reply. He was no longer thinking of widows. His mind was concentrated upon a matter of five dollars and seventy cents—no, it suddenly jumped to five eighty. He tried to figure out how much farther that awful taximeter could travel before they reached their destination. The problem was entirely beyond him. It might reach



HE LIT A CIGAR, SEATED HIMSELF, AND STARED AT THE CEILING

ten dollars for all he knew. Diefenbach sighed. He would have to take his share out of whatever money there might be in the cash-drawer, and if that did not suffice to fill the rapacious maw of this monster he would have to borrow from Semmel. He shuddered. He made up his mind he would not look at the taximeter again until they reached Houston Street. He shut his eyes and mentally cursed himself all the way from Düsseldorf to Avenue A.

"Here you are!" said the chauffeur. Diefenbach opened his eyes and beheld the familiar lights of the Café Bismarck. Never before had the place appeared so attractive. With one bound Diefenbach was out of the taxicab. He craned his neck to inspect the taximeter. Eight dollars and forty cents! With a moan of anguish he rushed into the café, leaving the widow to get out by herself as best she could.

"Well, what's the matter?" grumbled Semmel. "Are you crazy?"

Diefenbach rushed to the cash-drawer and greedily seized the contents. Two dollars and fifty-five cents!

"Is that all?" he cried hoarsely.

"Sure it's all. Do you maybe mean that I robbed it?"

"No! No! Oh, no!" cried Diefenbach excitedly. "Wait, Semmel! One second wait!"

He took all the money from his pockets and threw it upon the heap with the money from the cash-drawer. Six dollars and thirty cents! And he owed eight dollars and forty cents to the insatiable demon snorting at the door.

"Semmel," he cried, "I need—let me see—wait a moment—I think it is eight dollars and forty cents outside, but I will see."

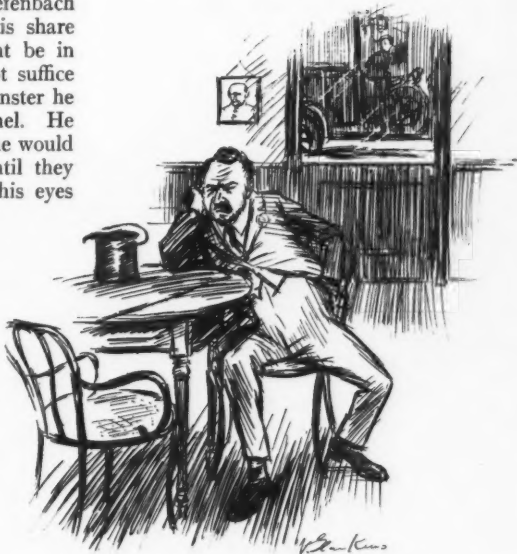
He rushed out and gazed at the taximeter again. It registered eight fifty.

"Goes it up also when the automobile don't go no place?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the chauffeur. "It counts both time and distance."

"Semmel," cried Diefenbach, "lend me two dollars and twenty cents. Please! Quick or it will be ten cents more."

Semmel gazed at him wonderingly and then, slowly, a grin overspread his face. "Say," he replied, very deliberately, "you look inside that silk hat that you wouldn't



THE CHUGGING OF THE MOTOR CEASED, BUT NO QUIET RESTED UPON THE SOUL OF DIEFENBACH

lend me. Maybe the two dollars and twenty cents are there. From me? Never!"

And, imitating Diefenbach's action of the day before, he lit a cigar, seated himself, and stared at the ceiling. Diefenbach turned red with mortification and chagrin.

What could he do? How could he raise the money? He looked around the café. The pinochle-players who filled the place looked unpromising. Ah! He suddenly thought of Cohen, the landlord, the lucky fiancé of the Widow Wendel! Cohen would lend him the money. He ran out of the café and turned toward the corner, when a warning "Hey, there!" arrested him. It came from the chauffeur.

"I go only two blocks," Diefenbach explained, "for some money what I ain't got. You wait? Yess?"

"Jump in and I'll take you there," said the chauffeur.

Diefenbach jumped in and was taken there, but en route the meter jumped ten cents more. Cohen was not at home. His housekeeper did not know where he was. He might not be in all night.

Diefenbach's heart sank. He racked his brain to think of some person from whom he might possibly borrow money. Oh,

gentle reader, have you ever been in that pinch? Is it not awful? And the worst of it all comes when you think of some one. Diefenbach happened to think of Schmidt, a third or fourth cousin whom he visited regularly every two or three years. Schmidt lived in Sixtieth Street. Diefenbach glanced at the meter, which now registered nine dollars, and sighed.

"Go once to Sixty Street," he said. The chauffeur went. And Schmidt was at home. He was about to retire for the night, but his face lit up when he beheld Diefenbach.

"Better late as nefer!" he exclaimed as he greeted him, but upon a closer inspection of Diefenbach's countenance his own fell to a minor key. A borrower seems to have an aura of his own which makes itself felt even before he opens his mouth. Schmidt listened to Diefenbach's story with great sympathy.

"I haf no money in the house," he said, "but if you come in the morning I go to the bank mit you and get some."

"*Donnerwetter!*" cried Diefenbach impatiently. "In the morning I can go to the bank myself and get some money."

"Then why don't you do it?" asked Schmidt.

"Because I must have it now."

Schmidt waved his hand loftily. "Nefer spend money by night what you can spend just as foolish the next day. Come, sit down, and I gif you a good cigar."

Diefenbach fled.

"Where to, now?" asked the chauffeur. Diefenbach gazed at him despairingly and, throwing out his arms with a gesture of pitiful appeal, said:

"Mister, look once. I have not the money got. To-morrow when opens the bank I have plenty money. You come by me to-morrow? Yess?"

"I'll stay by you now," replied the chauffeur, "until you pay up."

"You stay by me until opens the bank?" asked Diefenbach incredulously.

"I'll stay by you until Christmas," was the unfeeling reply.

"But—but," stammered the unhappy man, "all the time up goes the marker?"

"Sure it does. The longer I stay the further it goes up."

Then a sudden revulsion of feeling swept over Diefenbach. Despair gave way to anger. The worm turned.

"Tell me now," he demanded, "which

comes the cheapest price—when she goes or when she goes not?"

"It's cheaper when she stands still, of course," replied the chauffeur. "Only a dollar an hour."

Diefenbach made a mental calculation. "Go back by the Café Bismarck," he said, stepping into the taxicab. Upon reaching his destination he alighted and confronted the chauffeur. "Now you stay here until I say so!" he ordered grandly and strode haughtily into the café, not, however, without stealing a glance at the taximeter, which now registered eleven dollars and twenty cents. Semmel glanced at him, yawned, and walked toward the door.

"I go to bed now," he said. "You have had enjoyment; now you can do some work!"

Enjoyment! Diefenbach groaned. The motor of the waiting taxicab was chugging away slowly at the door, and Diefenbach could almost feel the taximeter mounting, higher and higher, every few minutes. It was eleven o'clock. The bank would not open for eleven hours. That meant eleven dollars for the waiting taxicab. Eleven dollars more! Diefenbach took paper and pencil and slowly figured it out. Eleven dollars and eleven dollars and twenty cents made twenty-two dollars and twenty cents. And for what? All for making a fool of himself. He hated the widow!

Presently the chugging of the motor ceased, and quiet rested upon the Café Bismarck, but no quiet rested upon the soul of Diefenbach. He sat at a table, motionless, for nearly two hours. Then he went out to look at his Nemesis. The chauffeur was fast asleep. The taximeter registered thirteen dollars and twenty cents, and Diefenbach could hear the clockwork ticking. He left the door of the café open and, for the next two hours, so quiet was the night, he could hear the ticking of the taximeter from where he sat. To sleep was impossible. He could only sit and groan over his folly.

During the next few hours nothing happened—absolutely nothing happened, save that Diefenbach sat at a table, the taxicab stood at the door, and the taximeter climbed steadily higher and higher. Yet the psychology of Diefenbach's mental operations during that period would fill a volume. His rage grew with every hour. He hated his partner, he hated the taxicab, he hated the chauffeur, and, above all, he hated woman-

kind. Day broke. Diefenbach still sat there, the taxicab still stood there, and the taximeter still climbed. Diefenbach was weary from his night's vigil, and the chauffeur, who was now awake, was stiff and sore from his cramped sleeping posture, but the taximeter was neither stiff nor weary. Soon the street awoke to its usual morning bustle, and presently the clock in a neighboring church-tower struck nine. Diefenbach rose and, leaving the café to its fate, entered the taxicab.

"To the Bowery Savings Bank," he said.

There was a curtain before the paying

fifty. Diefenbach, in feverish haste, counted out the money and handed it to the chauffeur.

"Go!" he said. "It iss finished!"

The chauffeur looked at the money, looked at the taximeter, then looked at Diefenbach.

"Don't I get a tip?" he asked. Diefenbach looked stunned.

"A tip?" he repeated slowly. "A tip?" Then his face grew very red. Walking slowly out into the street, he picked up a fragment of a paving-stone that lay there and returned to the taxicab. He held the



WITH THE STONE CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND HE STOOD, MOTIONLESS AS A STATUE. "A TIP!" HE MUTTERED

teller's window, and with his face pressed against this curtain Diefenbach stood for one hour. At ten o'clock the curtain was raised and Diefenbach handed in his pass-book.

"How much do you want?" asked the teller. Diefenbach leaned forward until his face touched the iron grating.

"Efry cent what I got in!" he hissed. "Efry tam cent!"

A minute later he confronted the chauffeur. The taximeter registered twenty-two

stone behind his back and confronted the chauffeur.

"A tip?" he exclaimed. "Say it yet once more!"

The chauffeur looked into his eyes and, opening the throttle wide, made off at full speed, crying, as he turned a corner,

"You're a crazy loon!"

Diefenbach had not moved. With the stone clutched in his hand he stood, motionless as a statue.

"A tip!" he muttered.

In Her Footsteps

By Arthur McEwen

Illustrated by Will Greff



DO not know," said Sonya Verakoff, and all eyes in the drawing-room were fixed upon her. Her own black ones shone with the brilliance of exaltation, her small, dark face was flushed, and her tender, childish lips were parted in excitement. The slender body quivered visibly, and a little hand fluttered about the lace that fringed the bosom of the pink tulle gown, half décolletée, which she wore in honor of the company, partly fashionable, partly not fashionable, gathered in the *salon* of one of New York's enterprising Madame de Staëls.

The judge was especially interested. It was he who had broken in upon the intense, low-voiced monologue of Sonya Verakoff with the question, asked in a tone of respectful, yet distinctly horrified wonder, "But you—you yourself would not throw a bomb?"

"I do not know—I do not know," she answered, panting, with her hand upon her agitated breast. "It may be that when the moment, the great moment, came I should fail. Perhaps I love my body too much—and this." She indicated her pretty dress with a slight, contemptuous gesture. "But I reverence the brave men and women who do have the courage to lay down their lives for the cause. Yes, perhaps I am too weak, too cowardly, but oh, I do wish I could be so sure of myself as to say from my heart that I could throw a bomb!"

"Good gracious!" murmured the judge, shock and admiration contending. She was a new variety to him, bewildering his grave and rather arid mind. "Although past thirty-five he knew few varieties. A scrimped and studious youth, then years of office law, had kept the world of women, and of men, too, far off from him. His learning and blameless life had brought him the judgeship. And that had given him an income and some leisure, both novelties. Some to whom comparative

ease and unaccustomed means come late take to wild courses, astounding and dismayed their intimates, who marvel at conduct so appallingly out of character. It is not out of character really, signifying merely boyishness breaking out in maturity, a disastrous and futile reaching back to recover lost youth—an attack of moral measles when the beard is grown. But instead of acquainting himself with the neglected pleasures of sin the judge was endeavoring to acquaint himself with intellectual society. His mind, formed in virtue by the Jesuit college through which he had resolutely worked his way, and hardened by prolonged immersion in the law, creaked on its conventional hinges and distressed him as it strove to adjust itself to Sonya.

"She is charming, a lovely little thing, all fire and soul," he whispered to his hostess, "but good heavens, what atrocious sentiments from a girl of nineteen!"

The lady laughed softly. "A dove cooing anarchy, Judge; a baby playing with dynamite. Isn't it unique, delicious?"

"She's certainly a most remarkable person," he made reply, his fascinated eyes fastened on Sonya, who continued to speak, her accent piquantly foreign, the r's rolling richly from her full young throat. "She's singularly attractive, too. Lighted up with intense feeling as her face is now, I never saw a more—a more beautiful creature. It's amazing. She talks crime, rank crime, and yet her whole expression is—is angelic."

"Ah!" cried Sonya, tears threatening, "it does not seem right for me to be here—here among all you well-dressed and safe people, when I know what my country is suffering. It is not right that I should be tricked out in this"—again the disparaging gesture—"when men and women are being shot down in St. Petersburg and Moscow and Kishinef and—Where, my friends, are they not being shot down? And for what?" She spread wide her rounded arms. "Because they dare to love liberty. Because—"



"PERHAPS I LOVE MY BODY TOO MUCH—AND THIS." SHE INDICATED HER PRETTY DRESS WITH A SLIGHT, CONTEMPTUOUS GESTURE

"Pull up, Sonya," interrupted a stalwart, flaxen-haired young man, with lazy blue eyes and slow accents. "Pull up. Don't go whizzing along at this gait or you'll have nerves again. It won't help the Russians any for you to have fits in New York."

Like an angry bird she turned upon him. "Have you no soul, Harry Welker, no capacity for sympathy, no heart to pity the oppressed?

What have your riches done for you, or done for humanity? For you they have done nothing but atrophy your spirit and make you mentally indolent and fat. You grow porcine with idle selfishness, my friend. You live for yourself alone, while with your wealth you might be a benefactor to your kind, a good providence to the poor."

"That's all right, Sonya," he returned,

good humored and placid. "My old man didn't build up his factories and warehouses with an eye single to the welfare of humanity, I'm thinking, and as for the poor, so far as I've observed them they're a bum lot. I notice you're no fonder of their society than I am."

"You sneer at me for being here!" she exclaimed, red and belligerent. "You reproach me for—" With a sudden change she went on in a humbly sweet voice: "And you are right to reproach me. I should not be here, but in torn and unhappy Russia with my people. The revolution is dawning, and my place is there. You have reason not to respect me. Russia—"

"Oh, bother Russia!" spoke the young man, his blue eyes smiling. "Let them run their own revolution. You won't be able to sleep to-night if you keep this up—you know you won't. Stop it, do, Sonya—that's a good girl. For conversational purposes revolutions are a trifle—well, exhausting."

"I fear," she said, timidly glancing at the faces around her, "that Mr. Welker speaks truly. Pardon me if my vehemence has wearied you, but the crimes against my people go to my heart, which bleeds for them. Those crimes are very real, very vivid, to me, and I cannot talk of them calmly. Pray pardon me if—"

"My dear Miss Verakoff, be as earnest as you like," Macnab encouraged her, a gray-haired journalist, keen of eye and sharp featured. "Your ardor does us good. It's a godsend to encounter anyone capable of enthusiasm for anything."

"You are sympathetic with the revolution?" she questioned anxiously.

"Well, I'm with you as to bombs, anyway. I'd give a good deal if I had it in me to throw one."

"At the tyrants of the bureaucracy?"

"At anybody, in any country, in any cause."

"Good gracious!" exploded the judge, aghast.

"I could have done it, too, at your age, Miss Verakoff. I had a soul once myself."

"You have a soul now, sir." Her heart went out to him as she leaned forward.

"No, it's as dead as a mackerel, my dear; pledged with newspaper proprietor after proprietor—not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of obedience to orders. But you're not in slavery. Don't let them laugh you or bully you out of your enthusiasm. It's worth more than everything else in the world."

"Miss Verakoff," said the judge, who had not for an instant withdrawn his eyes from

her mobile young face, but who now roused himself to expostulate, "no doubt the wrongs inflicted on the Russian people under an absolute monarchy are many and hard to endure, but really, you know, revolution is a very serious thing. It means an upheaval of the lowest and most dangerous elements, a social cataclysm, a revolt against constituted authority, and the utter overthrow of law and order. You surely would not invite mob-rule, with all its horrors? Something is to be said in behalf of respect for constituted authority, as such, even in Russia."

"Mob-rule! Constituted authority!" She was aflame again, and trembled so that her chocolate-cup rattled in its saucer. "What have been the excesses of the people when driven to madness in comparison with the atrocities of constituted authority? All the revolutions of history have not spilled so much blood as Philip II, anointed King of Spain and perfect representative of constituted authority, shed in the Netherlands alone. Do you respect the Duke of Alva because he embodied constituted authority? How many kings have been killed by their subjects? From the beginning of recorded history but a few hundred—not so many men as have fallen in any of a score of cities in a single day by command of the Czar to his soldiers, who share your veneration for constituted authority and do wholesale murder under its orders. Respect for constituted authority is a superstition of savages, sir—the savages of civilization, who are the dullest and most hopeless product of the sleek barbarism which besots the mind of the satisfied and invincibly stupid *bourgeoisie*."

"That's right. Hang constituted authority. It always has to be blasted out of the path when the race begins an onward march. That brings us back to the good, throne-splintering bomb again," concurred the elderly Macnab genially. He enjoyed a vacation from respectable journalism.

"The Blunders of the *Bourgeoisie*," said Sonya, intent upon the judge; "that is the subject of my lecture at Washington Hall next Thursday night. I beg you to be present, sir, and hear what a Russian nihilist has to say of constituted authority."

"Dear me!" said the judge.

II

"THE honor you have conferred in asking me to be your wife is understood and felt,"

wrote Sonya in answer to the judge's letter. Three months of torment—the three happiest months of his gray life—had not given him the courage to make his offer face to face. "But," she proceeded, "my mind and my heart and my soul all tell me that nature did not design us to be mates. Your character I esteem; you are a good man, even a noble one, according to your lights. But those lights are dim. The world of thought and purpose in which I dwell is unknown to you. Civilization as it is pleases you very well; I would tear it up by the roots and replace it with a fairer growth, watered by the blood of the martyrs and bearing the sweet fruits of liberty and justice. Though you are kind and your intentions are all formed in accord with your conscience, I, who am a Russian and a radical, regard you as a most dangerous enemy of society. You represent that unseeing and contented conservatism which, in all lands, in every age, has impeded progress. What seems to you bright sunshine is to me dark and poisonous night.

"A true marriage is a union of minds as well as reciprocal affection, and our minds are cast in molds wholly different in kind. Our temperaments are antipodal. The storm cannot wed with the calm and happiness be hoped for. Therefore, for your sake no less than for my own, it is best that what you want should not be.

"But let us still be friends. And as your friend, your true friend, I implore you not to continue in your present ignorance of modern thought—an ignorance that is at once strange in its comprehensiveness and marvelous in its unconsciousness.

"That we shall meet again for many months, perhaps years, is not probable. My country calls me. The approach of the revolution is apparent to every discerning onlooker, and within the week I depart for Paris, hoping from there to penetrate Russia and take my part, whatever it shall be, in the great convulsion. It may be that I shall lay down my life for the cause, but I am nerved for whatever fate has in store for me. Gladly I forsake the ease and security of America for the strife and perils through which alone a great people can force their way to freedom.

"Farewell, my friend. Forget me—forget me as you have thought of me, as a mere young girl to be wooed and won; but think of me henceforward as a patriot. And should you hear of me no more, should I fall gloriously at the barricade or perish miserably on

the scaffold, bear me always in tender memory as one who loved mankind and was not afraid to die for humanity."

The judge fell ill. When he emerged again it was not to give all his mind to the laborious, studious routine of the bench. A long convalescence had been employed in reading of a kind new to him. He went to bed an American Republican and left it a German Socialist, thanks to Karl Marx. He quitted his sick-room reclining-chair a philosophical anarchist, thanks to Prudhon. But translations of Russian revolutionary literature, mailed to him from Paris, made short work of bloodless abstractions and converted him into a militant. Not his friends alone were thunderstruck by the lecture which he delivered before the New York Circle of Promoters of Slav Liberty. The lecture's title was "Force the Rightful Answer to Tyranny," and in it the bomb was frankly defended as the just weapon of the oppressed.

While the press gave voice to its consternation at the spectacle of an American jurist, hitherto ranking as an exceptionally conservative member of the judiciary, advocating assassination as a means of political change, the judge sent to Sonya a copy of his address and wrote at length.

"At last," he wrote, "my eyes are opened, and I am one with you, brave heart, in the conviction that by force, and by force only, can Russia be free. I have cast aside forever the illusion that the state alone should possess the power to inflict death for crime. That is an illusion cultivated by tyrants and fostered by law until it has become an ingrained superstition of the race, held by none more abjectly than by the very millions who are despoiled and whose blood is at the service of these privilege-entrenched oppressors, whose usurped power is made sacred by the holy oil and whose seat in the saddle on humanity's back is secured by right supposedly divine."

There was much more—even a proposal that he join her in Paris and give his aid to the cause. "At our first meeting," he recalled, "when I was in the Egyptian darkness of commonplace American conservatism—to which there is nothing on earth comparable for mindlessness and soullessness—I asked you if you yourself would throw a bomb, and you, in the adorable timidity of your gentle girlhood, gave voice to the fear that you might perhaps quail in the supreme moment. Sonya, beloved one, I am a man, and am assailed by no such doubt, am conscious of no

such shrinking. I have read to-day of the massacre at Obsleskoff. Would that I were in Russia!"

The response was slow in coming. While the judge waited, sternly silent under impassioned, even frantic, newspaper criticism, and icily scornful of the cold shoulders of his judicial associates, he met one day young Mr. Welker, a vision of athletic health and good clothes.

"I see," the youth said, his lazy blue eyes smiling, but his manner retaining the habit of deference, "I see you've gone over to Sonya, Judge—bombs and revolution and all that."

"Is Miss Verakoff still in France, do you know?" inquired the judge casually, as if making conversation. "Or has she found her way into her own country?"

"What country's that?"

"Why, Russia, naturally."

"Russia? Sonya never saw Russia. She was born right here in Manhattan. We were kids together."

"Then her parents——" the judge was finding voice to say, when Harry interrupted.

"No, there was a Russian grandfather, I believe. That's the nearest."

"Dear me," murmured the judge.

"I am grieved to the heart," Sonya's letter declared when it arrived, "if I have had any part in bringing you to the terrible condition of thought betrayed by your lecture, which I have read with the utmost pain. I beseech you to tell me that the mad things said by an ignorant and foolishly imaginative girl had no influence upon your mature and well-trained mind. I am older now, much older in intellect if not in years, and utterly cured of the wicked follies of impulse and speech with which I distressed my family and, I am sure, to my mortification, amused when I did not bore society. Since coming here personal contact with exiled Russian revolutionists—a most unclean and unpleasant set, for the most part a repellent blend of visionary, fanatic, and charlatan—has taught me much.

"But, ah, my friend, best of all, by heaven's blessing I have come under the influence of the works of that grand genius, that man sent of God, who ennoble Russia by being a Russian. I speak of Leo Tolstoy. Read, I earnestly urge, 'The Kingdom of God is Within You.' That one book will rescue you, as it has rescued me, from the harsh and unchristian opinions which before held me in hateful and unwomanly bondage, and which seem now to have set on fire your once cool intellect

and to have hardened your once kind heart. Not by violence is benighted Russia to be freed or the travailing world redeemed. Resist not evil, is the command, and by obedience to that command, by rejecting all the dead formalism with which ecclesiasticism has enwalled the sacred teaching, and by entering with the spirit into the truth, shall we rise upon our dead selves to higher things and so work in meekness for the passing away of tyranny and wrong. By the power of love alone is evil to be overcome.

"Dismiss from your mind the strange thought of coming here. It would give me only sorrow to meet you while you preach murder and burn with the fearful blood-thirst which so hideously exhibits itself in your powerfully phrased yet monstrous lecture. Speak not of nearness between us two. What harmony can there be in spirits so infinitely separated as ours? Yours is the storm; mine is peace. Tear yourself, force yourself, away from the satanic opinions which pollute your soul.

"I am yet awaiting a favorable opportunity to enter Russia. I cannot return home, I cannot bear to think of the years of my future life unless they shall be enriched by the holy memory of having sat at the feet, even for one brief hour, of humanity's loftiest voice—Tolstoy, the master."

III

THE automobile curved to the curb, stopped, and Sonya, in tan ulster, peaked cap, and goggles—which she raised—held out her hand. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks prettily flushed, and happiness sat upon her.

"How d'ye do, Judge?" asked Harry, who sat at her side. "Just got in yesterday ourselves."

"Judge no longer," the answer came, as Sonya's hand was taken and held.

"No longer a judge?" she questioned solicitously, regarding him with a puckered brow. He had aged and was pale, and his eyes were sad. And his dress, once so decorous, did not betoken prosperity or even care.

"No. I've made an end of all that. While you were in Russia I read and thought. Man may not with safety to his higher nature escape the common duty, and blessing, of manual toil. Like Tolstoy, I make shoes."

"You are a follower of Tolstoy?"

"With yourself, I am. May I ask why you have not answered my letters, Sonya?"

"I—I've meant to," she stammered, blushing. "Of course I've meant to all along, but as I knew I should be at home shortly I——"

"And you spoke with him? You looked into his eyes and heard his voice?"

"That's all over, Judge," cut in Harry, for Sonya was confused. "In London your friend Tolstoy was bowled over. She met the Bishop of Durham, who——"

"A fine spirit, a lofty soul, a devout and definite mind!" exclaimed Sonya, kindling in the old way. "I have done with schismatics, my friend, and find rest and peace at last in the bosom of the Church—the Church of England."

"Or the Protestant Episcopal Church, as we call it on this side of the water," Harry explained, smiling.

"A crass and misleading misnomer, to re-

move which my life shall be devoted," said Sonya passionately. "We are not Protestant but Catholic."

"But, Miss Verakoff——" faltered the judge.

"That's over, too," announced Harry with a laugh, a joyous laugh from the heart. "I hunted her up in Paris, routed her out, and herded her over to London. Bride and groom now, Judge. Married the day before we sailed. We're up on Murray Hill—same old family place. Climb up and see us when you can and talk theology and ritualism with Sonya, won't you? She can't do it with me—not on your life!"

The judge stood on the curb and looked after them. He stood there, looking at nothing, long after the automobile was out of sight.



SONYA, IN TAN ULSTER, PEAKED CAP, AND GOGGLES—WHICH SHE RAISED—HELD OUT HER HAND

Art and American Society

THE SOCIAL DISCRIMINATIONS MADE IN THIS COUNTRY PREVENT THE FORMATION OF A BRILLIANT AND CULTIVATED SOCIETY. HOW WE COULD OUTSHINE ALL OTHER NATIONS

By Mabelle Gilman Corey



I AM asked to discuss art in America and the attitude of our society people toward it. There is much to be said on this topic; but at the outset one cannot help being impressed with the lamentable fact

that in this country, with its tremendous wealth and marvelous energy, with the people of its cities—notably New York—amply provided with opportunities to hear and see and understand the finest things in artistic achievement that exist anywhere in the world, there is scarcely any real enthusiasm or desire among the so-called upper classes to acquire a sound and technical knowledge of art.

From my earliest childhood I have loved all forms of art—music, painting, sculpture, and poetry. Color and the beauties of nature always had a strange fascination for me, and as a tiny girl whenever I went where there was music of any description I would carry away a tune and pick it out quickly on the piano. As I grew older my taste for art increased, and after I entered Mills Seminary in Berkeley, which was then and still is one of the best schools for girls in California, I was encouraged by dear Mrs. Mills, the college head, in my ambition to do something worth while with whatever talent the gods had given me. The ordinary school course—the “three R’s” and geography, and later chemistry, physics, and such things—didn’t interest me very much, but when we came to mythology and the history of art and literature I was most attentive and put in solid study. I made a specialty of the piano and singing, for my voice was considered by my teacher, Madame Rosewald, one of exceptional beauty. She did everything to encourage me in making a career for myself, and assured me that some day I should be known in the musi-

cal world. Indeed, it was through the encouragement of this kind woman that I was enabled to get a hearing before Augustin Daly, who was then with Ada Rehan in San Francisco, and he at once asked me to sign with him and go to New York. I was engaged at fifty dollars a week, which was a splendid salary for a person so young as I and with absolutely no professional experience. It seemed like a fairy-tale, this offer to begin an artistic career under so great a man, and when my mother and I set out for New York I experienced the keenest joy that had ever come into my life.

I give these few facts regarding my early career because most people believe that the success which comes to women on the stage is generally “meteoric” in its nature and is the result of “sheer luck,” whereas, in fact, it is achieved after the most arduous preparation and comes as a climax to an ambition that has been one’s from the very beginning.

Fashionable society, ignoring all this, is content to have a box at the opera and to attend one or two concerts where some notable singer is announced, but among its members how many are there who really appreciate what they hear? Most of them are utterly incapable of making intelligent criticisms, and there are few who study at all by themselves or keep up in the slightest degree with what is going on in the art-centers of the world.

Debussy, Richard Strauss—what do these people know of them and their marvelous new music? They are satisfied to see a new prima donna in one of the works of these great masters. They listen to the songstress, criticize her figure perhaps and admire her gown; but of the master mind that has given the singer her marvelous vehicle they know nothing and care less. The composer and the art-principle by means of which he has expressed himself are names, simply names and little else.



MABELLE GILMAN COREY



CHÂTEAU DE VILLEGENIS, MRS. COREY'S HOME IN THE VALLEY OF CHEVREUSE, FRANCE

One can count on the fingers of one hand the women among the society folk of New York—the Four Hundred—who have really attempted to achieve anything along art lines. It is a pity that such is the case, for with us it should be, as indeed it is in the great cities of Europe—Vienna, Paris, Munich, London—the rule, instead of the exception, to find women of wealth and social position who are really competent art-critics and possess cultivated talents of an exceptional nature. In this country no interest is taken in the matter of forming one's own judgments in these things, and the comments on music, voice, singing methods, etc., expressed at supper-parties after the opera, are usually so inane that I once heard a foreign gentleman—a visiting prince—say that he was amazed at the lack of technical knowledge of the elemental principles of art obtaining among women of apparent elegance and cultivation. This criticism was not unjust; it was not biased; unfortunately it was only too true, and was the more deplorable because it should never have been uttered, since no women in the world have such opportunity for self-improvement as have the women of America. That this woeful state of affairs exists is largely because a line is drawn between the professional artist and the member of fashionable society—a distinction made only in

this country, for in Europe any great genius, be he painter, singer, actor, musician, or *littérateur*, is welcomed in the highest social circles. He is asked—not “professionally”—to great houses, and is received there for his supreme gifts, as he should be. Consequently the *grandes dames* of Paris are as conversant with art matters as are the artists themselves, and they can appreciate and enjoy to the full the achievements of creative genius.

We are still very, very young—uncouth as yet, and with many false ideas—but perhaps in a century or two we shall learn that social discriminations must be made along far different lines than are now imposed in this country.

It is indeed a very great pity that the late Mrs. William Astor—a woman of the broadest viewpoint combined with perhaps more power than was ever given to any other one woman in this country—was not spared and given strength to carry out her cherished scheme of founding in this country a society that would fuse together all that is best in art, culture, lineage, and statesmanship—in fact, all the great and potent factors of life. But she is gone, and there does not seem to remain any one individual who is powerful enough socially and independent enough mentally to take up a task that will mean more to Ameri-

can life and development than any one thing aside from the progress of the country's industrial institutions.

If I were asked what I should like most to see done here in America, what, to my idea, would most quickly make us supreme among nations in every way, I would say the reconstruction of society on a basis of intellectual gifts and talents being recognized as the open sesame to the finest social life of our land. It was such a social structure, built up in just this manner, that made France the intellectual wonder of the world from the time of the Renaissance to the Napoleonic era, and produced, together with its great men, such brilliant women as Marguerite de Valois, Made-moiselle de Scudéry, the Duchesse de Longueville, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, Madame de Rambouillet, Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Lafayette, Madame du Deffand, Madame Roland, Madame de Staël, and Madame Récarnier—imperishable names in the records of art and literature.

Now, why, I say, should not the American women of leisure, social position, and wealth take upon themselves the establishment of

salons where the greatest artists and the otherwise intellectually endowed would fraternize on common ground with those gifted in beauty, family claims, and the other requirements of good society? This would, I believe, truly bring the Golden Age of American life and literature.

If the great ladies of New York society—hostesses who spend thousands of dollars every year in the most frivolous of entertainments—should devote the energy and money which now go into foolish pastimes to the establishing of a new régime, fashionable affairs would be brilliant and pleasing things, instead of deadly dull gatherings where the ladies yawn behind their fans and the men gather in smoking-rooms bored to death and seeking relief in the soothing narcotic. What a marvelous society could be founded and what a nation this would become!

The poor make the best of their opportunities in this great land. They readily take advantage of whatever opportunities of culture there are to be had, but how futile are the efforts made by our so-called upper classes to improve themselves in matters intellectual!



ON THE RIVER AT VILLEGNIIS



MR. AND MRS. COREY IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CHÂTEAU DE VILLEGENTIS

and artistic! And what a pity this is! If other nations criticize us for our lack of culture—and they do—we have only ourselves to blame. No city in the world has such opportunities in the direction of artistic education as has New York at the present time. Think of its supporting two superbly equipped opera-houses! Think of the singers—the finest in the world—who come there at enormous salaries! Think of the great teachers, Old World savants in every branch of art, who can be called upon if they are wanted! Of course it is the tremendous wealth of America that brings them here, but I believe that if actual statistics could be procured it would be found that the people who take advantage of these intellectual feasts are for the most part persons in the so-called middle class—men and women of small incomes and with an amount of leisure insignificant compared with that of our wealthy citizens.

Much has been said about the total lack of artistic appreciation in America. Singers, noted actors, and others have publicly commented upon it. I think the statement that it

is totally lacking is too sweeping, for there is indeed a deep and growing appreciation of art, but it is not to be found among people of wealth and social position so much, as I said before, as it is among the middle classes. In all the colleges of this great country, where the youth of the land are preparing themselves for their life-work, there exists an intense and passionate desire to know about art in its every form, and these young people often stint themselves in many ways to educate themselves along these lines. And it is to them more than to any others that the nation will finally owe any real artistic progress, for they, in time, will become the educators and instructors of the children of society leaders and will by their enthusiasm and example inculcate in them the same tastes and desires. No more splendid legacies to American posterity could be imagined than endowments to colleges in or near our great cities providing funds to be used by teachers and pupils financially unable to take advantage of grand-opera performances, notable concerts, and art exhibitions. I believe that such endowments

would have a vastly more educational and uplifting value than the wholesale establishment of libraries.

My personal ambitions lie, however, in the interest of struggling young artists themselves—young women of talent and ambition who have no opportunity to study and to develop the artistic talent which they feel they possess. Some day I may be able to carry out my plans to build in New York city and also in Paris, whither so many of our art-students naturally find their way, theaters where young

countries, and the great actors and singers of this country are received into the best houses of London and Paris. With a social structure founded on Continental lines and principles, it is always a pleasure for these people to meet their hostesses, for artists are the most natural people in the world, and they detest shams and unreal things. They prefer to be among people of real enthusiasms and genuine emotions and art impulses. Such congenial spirits are to be found among the upper classes in every civilized country but our own, but they



MRS. COREY—FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

artists may be heard and given the opportunities which are now denied them. I have seen, during my professional career, many young and gifted women who, because of lack of money and influence, have had no chance to rise in their profession and have remained unfortunately just where they entered it—perhaps in the chorus—when with a little opportunity they might have made names for themselves in their beloved line of work.

The social prejudice which once existed against women of the dramatic profession has practically entirely disappeared in European

will be here, too, when some great social leader makes it unfashionable to affect ignorance of and disdain for the beautiful things of life. And when that day dawns in America the women of the country will have been responsible for its advent.

This is necessarily so, for we are living in an age of industrial development that absorbs all the energies of our men. The latter must put their whole lives into our great commercial and financial interests, but their rewards are enabling the women of our land to turn to quite opposite activities. With the leisure of

wealth there naturally come to our women opportunities for intellectual growth and culture and a desire to know the gentler, finer things of life. They travel and see the great galleries and art collections of the Old World. They come in contact with older and more cultured peoples, and thus they arrive at an understanding of new vital values. They see that sudden wealth does not abolish at once their mental crudities, and they realize, in an atmosphere of art and literature, the shortcomings of our own national life. And with this new consciousness the remedy is at hand, for as Matthew Arnold says: "Wouldst thou be as they are? Live as they."

So we find a gradually increasing desire among American women for the things valued and revered in the older countries—antique furnishings, old prints, Eastern rugs, every object of art. A taste for these things is growing among people of all classes. Not long ago, in a New York antique-shop, I was told by the dealer that his most critical and persistent patrons were school-teachers of the city. "They tell me," he said, "that instead of buying the foolish things that most women indulge in, they save up enough to get a good rug or a splendid piece of mahogany or an Empire chair or table or some other valuable antique."

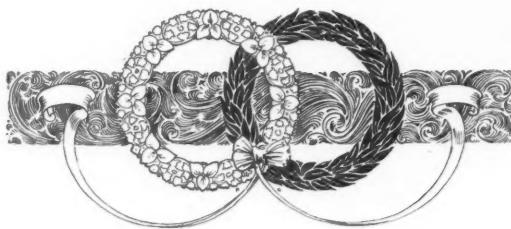
Then, too, I recall another instance which strengthens the conclusions I have reached through my own observations.

A young German girl who now lives in the city of New York, and who was brought up, as most Germans are, with a great love of music and art and with ambitions to accomplish something in these things, said to a friend of mine at the beginning of the winter: "I had saved enough money to buy a muff and fur neckpiece, which I really need badly, but with that money I found I could get a season ticket for the gallery at the Manhattan Opera

House, and to-day I got it. What are muff and furs to music, anyway?" she added. That told me the story. It is the feather which shows the way the wind is blowing, to use a trite saying.

Another sign which is the forerunner of what we may expect in a decade or more—that is, a more general diffusion of culture and higher ideals—is the interest which is growing day by day in the improvement of municipalities by the municipalities themselves. The splendidly patriotic idea of making Washington a city representative of the best architectural development of the country built upon the classic Greek and its adapted style, the colonial in America, is a worthy and beautiful thing. In time there is no doubt that Washington will become to this country what Athens was to Ancient Greece. The improvement of city parks and squares in other cities and the making way for "breathing spaces" in every metropolis are the results not only of impulses to improve cities artistically but, what is of far more importance, of the humanitarian desire to make these places more livable and pleasanter for the masses of people shut up in unsanitary tenements and flats. Whatever tends to make for sun and good fresh air also tends to better standards intellectually and artistically, and with these improvements in the mode of living, following the beautifying of our cities, a better people will develop.

We remember Napoleon for his conquests, but Parisians remember and revere him also for the artistic improvements he made in their beloved city. And in our own country we will welcome the pioneers who will battle for the development and growth of a love and appreciation of art and artists more than we do the heroes of San Juan Hill, or of Manila Bay, for they will mean far, far more to our country ultimately than the heroes and gods of battles and warfare.





MARIE NORDSTROM, THE LEADING WOMAN IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S
PRODUCTION OF "THE DEVIL."



JULIE OPP AND SCENE WITH WILLIAM FAVERSHAM IN "THE
 WORLD AND HIS WIFE," AN ADAPTATION OF ECHEGA-
 RAY'S FAMOUS PLAY, "EL GRAN GALEOTO"



EDITH BROWNING AND SCENE FROM LOUIS MANN'S PRO-
DUCTION OF JULES ECKERT GOODMAN'S PLAY,
"THE MAN WHO STOOD STILL"



Photograph by Bangs

EVELYN WALLS, NOW PLAYING IN GILBERT PARKER'S PLAY,
"THE RIGHT OF WAY"



Photograph by Bangs

IRENE FRANKLIN, A GREAT FAVORITE OF THE
VAUDEVILLE STAGE



Photograph by Bangs

GERTRUDE DARRELL AS MIMI IN THE VIENNESE OPERETTA, "MLLE. MISCHIEF"



FRANCES RING AS HILDA IN EUGENE WALTER'S PLAY, "THE WOLF"



MARGUERITE CLARK, LEADING WOMAN, AND SCENE FROM DE WOLF HOPPER'S
PRODUCTION OF AUSTIN STRONG'S MUSICAL PLAY, "THE PIED PIPER"



CARRIE BOWMAN AS CATHERINE BUDMEYER, AND SCENE FROM GEORGE M. COHAN'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY, "THE AMERICAN IDEA"



MARIAN CHAPMAN, WHO PLAYS THE RÔLE OF CYNTHIA IN
"THE MAN OF THE HOUR"

Passers-By

By Anthony Partridge

Illustrated (frontispiece) by Will Foster

SYNOPSIS: The Marquis of Ellingham, an English nobleman holding a high governmental position, had under the name of Philip Champion, a few years before the story opens, led a wild and criminal career in Paris, where he was at the head of a band of thieves and gamblers calling themselves the Black Foxes, with headquarters in a house in the Place Noire. He had married a widow of good family, Mme. de Lanson, who died shortly after and left him the care of her daughter, Christine. In the band was a man known as Marcel, in reality a French nobleman, and the uncle of Christine. The thieves rob a bank and obtain a large sum of money. The next night the house is raided by the police. All escape except Marcel, who is imprisoned. Christine is taken away by Ambrose Drake, a hunchback street musician who is devotedly attached to the girl's family. With them goes Ellingham in disguise. It seems that the proceeds of the bank robbery had been concealed in Drake's street-piano, but they do not know it. In the confusion of the raid and the escape Christine mistakes Ellingham for her uncle. Subsequently Drake tells her that her stepfather has been sent to prison, and she forces him to accompany her in a search for Marcel in order that he may provide for them.

This errand finally brings Christine and Drake to London. Here they encounter a young man, named Gilbert Hannaway, who, by mere chance and curiosity, happened to be at the gaming-tables of the Place Noire house when it was raided. He recognizes them, makes friends with Christine, and becomes much interested in her. Through him the girl meets Ellingham and discovers her mistake. The marquis takes his stepdaughter away from Drake and establishes her in luxury. The hunchback is inconsolable, but the girl refuses to return to her old life. Marcel escapes from prison and comes to England in search of the marquis and the money. Others of the gang are on Ellingham's trail. One named Anatole Devache is found mysteriously murdered in Christine's apartment. Marcel and Pierre, another of the Black Foxes, find Drake, who arranges for them to see the marquis. At the interview it is disclosed that the latter is unaware that the money was in the piano on the night of the escape. It may be there yet. The two men seek it there, but are unsuccessful, and in a quarrel Marcel stabs Pierre. Jacques Leblun, a famous French detective, comes to London on the trail of the escaped Marcel. He does not rearrest him at once, for he hopes to learn the identity of the Philip Champion whom Marcel at his trial accused of being the leader of the Black Foxes. He sees Christine and Hannaway, who will give him no information. Ambrose goes to Christine and tells her that he has been left a large sum of money. He asks her to go away with him, and says that if she refuses he will seek out Leblun and put him on the track of Lord Ellingham. The girl, in despair at the prospective ruin of the nobleman's career, gains Drake's consent to wait until the next day for her answer. She makes up her mind to go with the hunchback in order to save her stepfather.

Leblun, discouraged by his inability to discover the identity of the mysterious Philip Champion, is about to return to France, when he inadvertently learns from Hannaway that the marquis is providing for Christine. Ellingham begins to realize that the story of his restless youth will come out, and prepares to meet the exposure. He is waylaid by Marcel, who says he believes that Christine has the stolen money, but Ellingham replies that he is the girl's stepfather and that he is taking care of her. Marcel is arrested and accuses Ellingham of complicity, but the police will not credit his statement. The marquis gives his wife an inkling of how matters stand, but she expresses every confidence in him. Hannaway calls the evening following Marcel's arrest, and in the presence of the marchioness he and Ellingham discuss the entire affair. The puzzling circumstance of Ambrose's sudden wealth is accounted for by the marquis on the supposition that the hunchback has found the money in the street-piano.

XXXVI

MARCEL," the marquis said thoughtfully, "was arrested to-night. Pierre and Anatole are dead. There is no one else left. Now, Mr. Hannaway," he added in an altered tone, "we come to the favor which you crave from me. Continue, if you please."

"Christine," Hannaway said, "is leaving London on the nine o'clock train to-morrow. She is going away with Ambrose, thinking

that by doing so she will save you. I am very sorry, Lord Ellingham, but in that she is mistaken. Nothing that Ambrose could say or do would affect your future. Leblun is here, and I am confident that he knows."

For the first time the marchioness allowed a little exclamation to break from her lips. She recovered herself almost directly, and looked anxiously across at her husband.

"Leblun knows?" he repeated. "You are sure?"

"There is no doubt about it," Hannaway

answered. "I told you this afternoon of the trap into which I had fallen. The very fact that he mentioned your name showed clearly enough what was in his mind. Lord Ellingham, your stepdaughter's self-sacrifice would be absolutely unavailing. Will you not intervene and save her?"

The marquis glanced at the clock. Hannaway shook his head.

"She has left her rooms and gone to a hotel, so as to avoid me," he said. "Her maid would not tell me where, but after nearly an hour's persuasion I got her to tell me that she was to meet her mistress at Victoria for the nine o'clock train to-morrow morning."

"I will be there," the marquis answered.

"We will both be there," his wife echoed.

Hannaway looked from one to the other. A sudden wave of pity swept over him. "You are very good," he said simply. "Lord Ellingham," he added, rising to his feet, "I need not say that if there is a single thing which I can do to help I am entirely at your service. If you would like me to go to Leblun——"

The marquis shook his head. "I think," he said, "that we had better let events take their course. I am, of course, responsible for some portion of the misdeeds that were planned in that house, and if justice demands it I must answer for them. Are you quite sure, Mr. Hannaway, that you won't have a cigarette before you go?"

Hannaway accepted one simply because he was reluctant to leave.

"You will be at the station to-morrow morning?" the marquis asked.

"I shall," Hannaway answered. "I was going there to do what I could to prevent her going."

"She shall not go, I promise you that," the marquis said, smiling. "A very devoted person, the hunchback, no doubt, but a dangerous creature to be the owner of four million francs. He would lose his head at once. Whatever happens, they must not be allowed to leave London together. Good night, Mr. Hannaway."

The marquis had touched the bell, and a servant was waiting to show his guest out. Hannaway made his adieu and left, wholly unable to realize the success of his mission. The marchioness had given him her fingers and a very gracious smile. Lord Ellingham had bidden him good night with the utmost good-will. There was not a sign of tragedy

in either of their faces. And less than a mile away Jacques Leblun was already crouching for the spring!

Christine, almost invisible beneath a heavy black traveling-veil, came hurriedly along the platform, followed by her maid. In front of the open carriage door stood Ambrose, moody and perturbed; yet underneath his darkened face some other part of the man seemed suddenly on fire. He had lost that look of tender humility which had always shone in his eyes as he followed her every movement. He had struck his great blow. Was it for this he had been waiting, he wondered, through all the years? She was coming back to him, and yet in his heart he knew very well that it was all a mirage, an apple of Sodom to his eager hand. She was coming because he had worked upon her fears, but she was coming with a new loathing in her heart for him. He knew very well that the barriers over which he had sometimes fancied himself gazing now reached to the skies.

He stepped forward to meet her, but at that moment Lord Ellingham, who had just issued from the booking-office, intervened. Helaid his hand upon Christine's shoulder.

"My dear Christine!" he said reproachfully.

She shrank back, as though terrified at his touch. Ambrose stood quite still. The lightning shot from his eyes. Lord Ellingham, who had no notion of making a scene, glanced carelessly around and nodded to Ambrose.

"My dear Christine," he continued, "this little excursion of yours cannot be allowed to take place. Mr. Drake will excuse me, I am sure," he continued, turning toward Ambrose, "if I point out to him its impossibility."

She clutched at his arm. "You don't understand," she murmured. "Don't make him angry."

"Oh, but I understand very well," Lord Ellingham replied indulgently. "He is going to a little wizened-faced man named Jacques Leblun, and he is going to tell him all about me, if you do not go. That is foolish. I have hurried down here—excuse my reminding you of it, but I hate to breakfast before ten o'clock—on purpose to assure you that Mr. Jacques Leblun already knows everything that your friend could tell him."

"Is that true?" she whispered.

"Absolutely," Lord Ellingham answered. "Your friend can carry out his amiable in-

tentions without a moment's delay, and he will yet find himself too late. He knows nothing about me that is not already known to Leblun. On the other hand," the marquis continued, turning to Ambrose, "there is a little matter of four million francs."

"Not mine!" Ambrose gasped. "Not for me! For years I have starved rather than touch one penny of that money. It is in her name. I am only her guardian. It is there waiting for her."

"I do not doubt your amiable intentions," Lord Ellingham said smoothly, "but you must not think for a moment that I could allow my stepdaughter to profit by them. I have made many mistakes in trying to keep secret from my wife, from the world, from everyone, events of which I have every reason to feel ashamed. That is over. I am going to take Christine back to my house, and when you, sir, are in a different frame of mind I shall be glad to see and talk with you, for, after all, Christine is very much in your debt."

The guard came hurrying up. "Take your seats, please," he ordered.

"You, perhaps," Lord Ellingham continued, "may think it worth while to continue your journey. The carriage is waiting for you outside, Christine."

He turned away, with his arm drawn slightly through Christine's. There seemed to be nothing at all unusual in the little scene. Even Ambrose spoke no word in protest.

"Take those things out," he ordered the porter. "I shall go by the next train."

Christine and Lord Ellingham passed out in silence to the carriage which was waiting.

XXXVII

HANNAWAY, later in the day, came face to face with the man who was most in his thoughts, on the steps of the Altona Hotel. He stopped short.

"Mr. Leblun!" he exclaimed.

Leblun greeted him courteously. Hannaway drew him a little to one side.

"Could you spare me five minutes?" he asked.

"With pleasure," Leblun answered. "Five hours, if you wish. I am one of the most idle men breathing."

They turned back into the lounge, and Hannaway led the way to two easy chairs, drawn a little apart.

"Mr. Leblun," he said, "I want to speak to you, if you will allow me, concerning the

matter which brought you to England, concerning the matter, in fact, which we were discussing the other night."

Leblun slowly inclined his head. "I remember perfectly," he said.

"We need not beat about the bush," Hannaway declared earnestly. "You came to England to discover the identity of a certain person, and I am very sure that you have discovered it."

Leblun smiled. "You flatter me, Mr. Hannaway," he said. "Well, I will admit that I do not often start upon a search without bringing it to a successful conclusion. This, I fancy, will be no exception; but there, one must not boast."

"Mr. Leblun," Hannaway said, "I know very well that as a solver of mysteries, a tracker down of criminals, you have had no equal in this generation. You set yourself a task, and you have accomplished it. Your hand is even now stretched out to strike. For one moment I want to ask you to consider. Look a little beyond the immediate result which you have achieved. Do you think that your success in this instance is worth while?"

"Worth while?" Leblun repeated thoughtfully. "I fear that you will have to be a little more explicit."

"You have it in your power," Hannaway continued, "to create a huge scandal and bring a lasting disgrace upon a man whose sins, after all, were the sins of youth, and who in a different position has lived a worthy life. Why not pause? Is it worth while to denounce him? What does it mean, after all? He was mixed up with some daring robberies, but the part he took in them was always the part where the risk was greatest. He carried his life in his hands more than once. I never heard of him, in those days—and I knew something of them—I never heard of him, I say, robbing the poor, or cheating, or joining with Marcel in that wretched baccarat. He was an adventurer, but if there can be a proper spirit in which one may become a criminal he certainly had it. Since those days he has atoned. Justice does not demand his punishment. Why should you? You are the only one who knows, unless you have already acquainted Scotland Yard—you and that wretch Marcel, whose word would go for nothing. You have behind you a great career. I believe that none of your achievements would be more splendid, more notable than the present one if——"

"If?" Leblun asked softly.

"If you left for Paris by, say the twenty train this afternoon."

Leblun's face was immovable. He showed no signs of approval or of sympathy. From his little silver case he drew a cigarette and puffed blue smoke out into the room. "You are a sentimentalist, Mr. Hannaway," he said.

"The world which takes no heed of sentiment," Hannaway replied, "is fast drifting onto the rocks. The man who governs his life with no thought of sentiment is a machine, not a human being. The great rules of life are but a shining background for brilliant exceptions. This is one, Mr. Leblun. Be merciful. You are great enough. Your reputation will be undimmed, even if you have the courage to announce your present search a failure. You will never regret it."

Leblun flicked the ashes from his cigarette. "You are even more than a sentimentalist, I see, my dear friend," he said. "Frankly, I do not understand you. I may be a man, or I may be a machine, but what I work for I accomplish. If a man has sinned against the laws of society God or his conscience may forgive him, but it is not the privilege of any part of the human system to ignore his misdoings. Crime and its punishment are as certain as the swing of the pendulum. It is not vanity alone which inspires me when I tell you that I would as soon cut off this right hand as let the Marquis of Ellingham remain untouched."

"But this," Hannaway declared, "is not reasonable."

Leblun shrugged his shoulders. "My dear friend," he said, "it depends upon the point of view. I have called you a sentimentalist. More or less you are one. I myself—look at me." He threw out his hands with a little typical gesture. "I am fifty-nine years old, hard, withered, with scant power of enjoyment in any shape or form. I have no relatives, no wife, no child. The man who passes by in the street is no more to me than the snail that crosses my path. I do not care for him. He does not care for me. If he were crushed underfoot I would turn my head lest I should look upon an unpleasant sight. Apart from that I would not care. Thirty-nine years I have been a hunter of men. Do you think that at the end of that time there is a single chord left in my being which could respond to so clumsy a touch as yours? If Lord Ellingham were three times a marquis, if he were three times married, if his punishment were to be death, it would not trouble me. It

might even add to the zest with which I bring my search to a successful termination. To tell you the truth, the matter would have been arranged before now, but that I wished to do it single handed. My English friends are too curious. They would rob me, if they could, of this last, my crowning success."

Hannaway knew that his appeal was worse than useless. He knew that nothing he could say or do could stop the inevitable. He rose slowly to his feet. "I can see that your mind is made up, Mr. Leblun," he said. "If you are really such a person as you profess to be I am quite sure that nothing I could say would be likely to move you."

Leblun smiled mockingly. "My young friend," he said, "that is the most sensible thing I have had the pleasure of hearing you say."

Hannaway went up to his rooms with a heavy heart. He stood for several minutes looking out of his window, down upon the stone-flagged passage below, into which, only a few months ago, those weary musicians had turned. He saw them again now. He saw Christine, her hands behind her back, her head upturned, her lips parted, singing with effortless and weary monotony. He saw the bent figure whose hands thumped the worn keys. He saw the wizened-faced monkey, gazing around, his brows puckered, all the pathos of generations of silence shining in his dark eyes. He had found her again, indeed, but she came to him under the cloud of tragedy.

The telephone bell rang, breaking in upon his thoughts. He took up the receiver and listened. He heard some one from the office in the hotel speak sharply: "You are through to Mr. Hannaway's apartments. Speak up, please."

There was a moment's silence, then a strange voice asked, "Is that Mr. Hannaway?"

"I am Gilbert Hannaway," he answered. "Who wants me?"

"I do," came the loud reply. "I want you, or anyone else who will sit and drink with me, and talk. I, Ambrose Drake. I am waiting for you. Come! Come here, and you shall have all the brandy you can drink. Last time it was you who paid. To-day I will be the host. Get a hansom. Come quickly."

"It is Ambrose Drake?" Hannaway asked.

"Who else?" the voice growled.

"Where are you?" Hannaway asked.

"At the same place," came the quick answer. "There is no other. There is no place in London like it. The seats are all cushions, it is warm and light, and the brandy, man, it is like fire! You know where. You have been here with me before."

Hannaway hesitated. "What do you want with me?" he asked.

"I want you, and you had better come," was the answer. "I have something to say to you, and I must have some one to drink with me or I shall go mad. Come, I say. Come, come!"

Hannaway looked at the clock upon the mantelpiece. All day long he had been waiting for a message from Cavendish Square. None had come. Perhaps he was better away for a little time.

"I will be there in ten minutes," he said.

He heard the man at the other end chuckle as he replaced the receiver. Then he put on his coat and hat and descended to the street.

XXXVIII

"THERE is but one friend in life for a man, one friend only," Ambrose declared, his eyes fixed covetously upon the glass he held out before him. "Women are faithful sometimes, money comes and goes, this remains."

He sipped at his tumbler with the air of one deliberately testing the quality of its contents. Then he set it down and looked steadily at Hannaway, who sat by his side.

"You," he said, "have not learned yet to appreciate the joy of numbed senses, of artificial life. Why should you?" he added, half dreamily. "You are young and straight, handsome, I suppose. The woman you love will be faithful to you—for a time, at least. Men do not look strangely at you in the streets. You are a reasonable part of the great wheel of life. The hidden joys are not for you. You mean something."

Hannaway shrugged his shoulders. "Why did you send for me?" he asked curiously.

Ambrose was silent. He was still wearing the blue-serge clothes, the correct collar and tie, with which he had started the morning, but the clothes were splashed with mud, the tie was disarranged, the collar crumpled. His eyes were bloodshot, his face was patchy. Hannaway had the idea that he had been sitting there for many hours.

"Why did I send for you?" Ambrose muttered. "Why, because there are times when I must talk to somebody, even if it be only

Chicot, or one of those louts who hang about the bar. I must talk to some one or I shall go mad. To-night," he continued, passing his hand across his forehead, "there is a band here. I feel it pressing, pressing all the time. Sometimes there is a singing in my ears, then a quiet. I can hear the wind blowing in the poplar-trees, and I can feel the music of the organ growing again beneath my fingers. I can hear her step as she came up the aisle, a truant child, dark eyed, eyes bright with daring but softened a little with the joy of the music. She was gay in those days, gay indeed."

Hannaway passed his cigar-case across the little table, but the hunchback shook his head.

"No!" he said. "If I smoke, I cannot drink so long, and smoking does nothing for me. Did you know her mother?" he asked abruptly.

"I saw her once or twice," Hannaway answered.

Ambrose shook his head. "She went wrong," he said. "She was at heart an evil woman. That poor Englishman over there was after all but a tool in their hands, her brother Marcel's and hers. They made him marry her. He was desperate, and he did not care what he did. They thought he was an Englishman and rich. But they were wrong. He too was a pauper in those days."

"They were bad days for him," Hannaway said thoughtfully. "You know, I suppose, what is going to happen?"

A fire flashed in Ambrose's eyes. "I know," he answered, "and I am glad. He has taken her away from me. He must pay the price. Leblun is waiting and watching. Leblun knows. Soon he will strike. Oh, I am glad! She will be sorry soon that she did not trust me. I would have saved him, I would have saved him somehow."

"Not even you could have done that," Hannaway answered. "Besides Leblun, there is Marcel, in prison, to be brought before the magistrates to-morrow and sent back to France."

Ambrose laughed. "You do not read your newspapers," he said. "Marcel was arrested last night, but it was a corpse that they dragged into the cells. He took poison as they led him into the office at Scotland Yard. He lived for an hour or so, but he never opened his lips."

Hannaway stared at the other, incredulous, amazed. Ambrose reached out his hand and caught hold of an evening paper.

"Read for yourself," he said. "It is all there. They kept it dark until this morning. It was in all the twelve o'clock editions."

Hannaway read with a little thrill. It was as Ambrose had said.

"What else was there for him to do?" Ambrose continued. "He had many years of his sentence still to serve, and he had murdered Pierre. There was no escape for him. He was a man of evil temper, and he was half mad with the desire for money. Four million francs were missing," he went on, "four million francs, gathered together by that little band of thieves, waiting to be divided. Marcel had hidden the money. He risked everything in coming here to search for it, and when he came it was gone. Some one cleverer than he had been before him. You look at me, Gilbert Hannaway. You look at me as though you would ask a question. Bah! what does it matter? For four years those four million francs have been in a bank in France, accumulating slowly and surely for her. They are in her name. I never meant to touch them. I never should have touched them. But she left me. Then nothing mattered. I determined at last to make them the means by which I might win her back. As you know, I failed. Where is she now? Do you know that?"

Hannaway nodded. "I think she is with her stepfather," he said.

"She went there willingly?"

"Of course," Hannaway answered. "After all, he has been very good to her. He was penniless himself when he fled, but as soon as the money came he set lawyers to try to find her."

"He was not overanxious," Ambrose muttered. "There was a time I know of when he fled from England to escape from her."

"It was from the past he wanted to escape, not from her," Hannaway answered. "With her came you, and perhaps others who would have recognized him. I am sorry for him. He has made a splendid reformation, only to be hunted down by that brute Leblun."

Drake raised his glass and drank slowly, with closed eyes. "Men must live and die," he said, setting the empty tumbler down. "We are but cattle, after all. The Marquis of Ellingham will spend to-night or to-morrow night in a prison cell, perhaps. What does it matter? He and half a dozen more may find it terrible enough. For the rest, it will be but a thrilling little episode in their morning paper. We must learn to regard these things as others do. They are trifles."

"It is no trifle to Christine," Hannaway said. "She feels somehow that it is her own fault. Certainly, it is through her that they have tracked him down."

"What does she care for him?" Ambrose muttered. "She has little enough of heart. In a month she will have forgotten."

Hannaway shook his head. "Christine has changed," he said. "I thought her heartless myself. I do not think so now. I believe she would give everything she possesses to save him."

Ambrose called to the waiter. "More drinks," he said. "More brandy. I have fresh food for thought here. I must drink with it. Brandy and hot water. The bottle! Good!"

He helped himself with steady fingers. Once more the fierce content stole into his face.

"After all," he muttered, "we beat about the bars of our lives. What am I, a poor broken-limbed creature, the sport of boys in the street, the object of shuddering pity to passers-by? Who am I, to look for life as you others, to crave for happiness? Even in the days when I was satisfied and content because she was near and dependent upon me, even then underneath it all there was the black cloud. She was not happy. She was miserable all the time, dissatisfied, discontented, hating her coarse clothes, hating her simple food. Sometimes I realized it. Sometimes I could have cursed whatever power gave me a body like this and a brain to realize what I was losing in life."

He drew Chicot from his pocket. Chicot sat up and blinked, looking inquiringly at his master, who called for biscuits.

"Chicot, little one," he said, as he fed him, "thou at least art faithful, and it is because I feed thee. See him," he added, turning suddenly to Hannaway. "His eyes are bright with gratitude. He looks at me without a shudder. I am his master. Mine is the hand that beats or feeds him. It is something to have a living creature of any sort dependent upon one. It is something."

He drank again, deeply. Hannaway glanced at the clock.

"Soon," he said, "it will be closing time. You had better come away now. Where are you staying? I will take you home if you like."

"I shall not move from here," Ambrose answered gruffly, "until I am pushed out. Where I go afterward is no concern of any-

one's save mine. But I assure you that I shall not leave here until I must. As for you, go when you please. I had a fancy to talk with you, and you came. I am grateful, but I have no more to say to you. I think I would rather be alone."

Hannaway put his hand in his pocket, but Ambrose, with a laugh, threw upon the table a handful of sovereigns.

"Money!" he said. "Do you want money? I have sung for ha'pence myself, but all the time I knew that if I cared to raise my hand I could bring gold down from the clouds. But what is the use of it? Tell me, man," he shouted, striking the table, "will it buy a woman's love for a creature such as I am? No! You know it will not. Don't hesitate to say so. Nor will it buy Chicot's love. Money! What is it worth?"

"I should advise you," Hannaway said, "to put that back in your pocket. This is not the most reputable neighborhood in the world, and a man with gold like that might easily be robbed, or worse."

Ambrose laughed. "No harm," he said, "comes to those who are reckless. Death or a bed! If both were there I scarcely know which I would choose. If you want money help yourself. If not, leave me to pay my bill, and go."

Hannaway rose to his feet. "There is one thing," he said, "which I had it in my mind to say when I came. Perhaps I should be truthful, and say that it was the reason I accepted your invitation. If Leblun should call upon you to help him, if you should be summoned as a witness against Lord Ellingham, remember that after all he is Christine's guardian, that he has been kind to her, and that his sufferings are hers."

Ambrose's eyes seemed to narrow and brighten at the same time, till they shone like points of fire. "I know," he answered impatiently. "I know."

XXXIX

JACQUES LEBLUN rose early on the following morning, and made a careful toilet. There was no evidence in his hard, withered face of any special gratification, yet so far as he was capable of feeling emotion he felt it as he donned his carefully brushed clothes and tied a newly purchased tie. To-day was to witness the close of a career which he had every right to consider memorable. To-day, with this dramatic triumph, he was to make his

exit from the profession which he had adorned and create a gap in the ranks of his order which he was complacently sure would never be filled. With his love of secrecy he had kept his triumph to himself, kept it even from the authorities on the other side. He wished to startle everybody with a *coup*, a little theatrical, perhaps, but so brilliant that for days he saw himself almost a popular hero. Who else could have drawn together these threads till he held them all securely in his hands? No one else knew what he knew. He had worked alone and secretly. Marcel had died without giving away his secret. There was no one else left who could solve the mystery which still hung around the personality of that man who had escaped from the house in the Place Noire. He himself was about to solve it. It was a wonderful day, this.

He descended to the barber's shop, was shaved, and after critically examining his hair decided to have it cut. He sent for his hat and had it ironed while he waited. Then, as he was in the act of issuing from the hotel, a hansom drew up, and a small familiar figure descended from it. It was Ambrose who stood hat in hand upon the pavement.

"Monsieur Leblun," he said, "can I have a moment's conversation with you?"

The great detective hesitated. He guessed very well why this man was seeking him out. He had, of course, brought him information wholly superfluous, information for which he would probably require payment. Yet, after all, he was a necessary witness in the prosecution. His good-will was worth securing. Then, again, it was very seldom indeed that Leblun refused to listen to anything which anybody might have to say. He responded, therefore, with courtesy to Ambrose's request.

"I can spare a few minutes," he said. "I was just going out. Perhaps we could drive a little way together?"

Ambrose shook his head. "My voice," he said, "is not strong. I cannot talk in all this roar. If you will give me five minutes in your room I think I can promise that you will find my information worth while."

Leblun turned back to the elevator and rang the bell. Together they mounted to the eighth floor. Leblun drew his key from his pocket, unlocked the door, and they entered the little suite of rooms. Ambrose nodded as he looked around.

"Very charming!" he remarked. "Very nice rooms, Monsieur Leblun."

"I find them convenient," Leblun answered, his eyes fixed upon his companion. "Will you sit down? Or perhaps what you have to say will scarcely take long enough to render it worth while?"

"I come," Ambrose said, "from the house of the Marquis of Ellingham."

Leblun bowed. "Indeed!" he said.

"They were kind enough," he continued, "to receive me. I was shown into the breakfast-room. Lord Ellingham sat there dictating letters to his secretary. His wife was by his side. She was holding his hand when I went in. Mademoiselle Christine—you may remember her, perhaps—she too was in the room."

"Most interesting!" Leblun murmured.

"They were kind to me," Ambrose continued, "but it was not difficult for one who notices things, like yourself, Monsieur Leblun, or, in a smaller way, myself—it was not difficult, I say, to realize that they were living in the shadow of some fear. The marchioness—a very beautiful woman that—was pale, and there were rings under her eyes. She looked always at her husband as though she feared to lose him. Lord Ellingham himself seemed like a man whose thoughts were in another world. Christine, my dear companion Christine, was crying."

"All this," Leblun remarked politely, "interests me exceedingly. A little family group, suffering, perhaps, from fear of some impending trouble. Still, I scarcely see—you will excuse me, I know—but I scarcely see why the recital of it has procured for me the pleasure of this visit?"

"The fear of impending trouble," Ambrose repeated. "That is good. The fear is there, and the trouble is there. Monsieur Leblun, they sit there and they listen for your footsteps. They listen for your ring. They listen for a servant to throw open the door and announce 'Monsieur Leblun!'"

The detective nodded gravely. "It was in my mind," he admitted cautiously, "to pay a visit to the household you mention."

Ambrose nodded. "Five years ago," he said, "that man Ellingham was a criminal, not a vicious one ever, yet certainly a criminal. Retribution comes to him a little late."

The detective bowed. All the time he was watching his companion. He was not sure what this visit might portend.

"I am one of those," Ambrose continued, "who may be called lookers-on at this game of life. I have no part or share in it. Kicks

and buffets of fortune I have known, hunger and thirst I have known, but the joys which come to other men pass me by. Therefore, Monsieur Leblun, I have never known what it is to have a heart. I am like you. I can watch suffering without flinching. I can see other men in agony, and it either amuses or bores me, according to my humor. You too, Monsieur Leblun, are like that."

"Perhaps," Leblun assented, a little impatiently. "But I presume that it was not to discuss my characteristics that you paid me this visit?"

"Not in the least," Ambrose answered. "There was a little proposition I wished to make. It may sound ridiculous to you. I trust that when it is made you will not think too scornfully of me. But, indeed, there were days, before I was as you see me now, when the girl Christine was a child in short frocks—there were days, I say, which I have not altogether forgotten, when she was in a sense a part of my life. I will not weary you with details. I will only say that when her mother was led away in Paris into becoming the associate of gamblers and thieves, when Christine escaped from that house for fear of unutterable things, it was to me she came. For years we crept about the world together. Somehow or other a slight weakness seems to have developed itself in my nature. If I could I would do her a kindness."

Leblun had ceased even his polite interjections. He glanced meaningfully at the clock and back again quickly at his visitor.

"This morning," Ambrose continued, "she threw herself on her knees before me, she even raised her lips to mine. We were alone for a moment. She had come into the hall with me, and she had drawn me into another room. Do you know what it was that she begged of me, Monsieur Leblun?"

The detective shook his head slowly. "It is not for me to imagine," he answered coldly.

"She asked me to come to you, to beg you to stay your hand," Ambrose said thoughtfully. "A strange errand, you will think, yet I offer you a consideration."

"A consideration of four million francs, I presume?" the detective remarked.

"Monsieur Leblun," Ambrose replied, with a little bow, "you are marvelous. Those others who rushed about so clumsily, seeking for the money, they did not guess that a man who lived in rags, a poor creature like me, might know where that money was. But

I do, and it is yours if you abandon that visit to the Marquis of Ellingham."

Jacques Leblun looked coldly upon his visitor. His face did not change a muscle, but he came a little forward, advancing toward the door. "Ambrose Drake," he said, "I looked upon you as a man of some intelligence, yet you come here and you offer me a bribe of stolen money, which I know perfectly well how to become possessed of to-morrow. There are various little documents which I am sending to headquarters to-night. In them, I may tell you without any breach of confidence now, the little matter of your four million francs is fully dealt with."

Ambrose sighed. "I fear, then," he said, "that my intervention is useless."

"Absolutely!" Leblun answered, with the first note of actual impatience in his tone. "There is no bribe in this world, nor any persuasion, which could save Lord Ellingham."

"Except this!" Ambrose answered, with a sudden spring.

Jacques Leblun lay quite still upon the floor, and there was very little to show that he was dead. His face was pallid, and his lips were a little twisted in that last effort to shout for help. So truly had Ambrose driven home his knife that there was scarcely a drop of blood to be seen upon Leblun's chest. Nevertheless, a great career had ended. In a sense his words had been prophetic. The career of which he had been so proud had terminated that day.

Ambrose stood for a moment breathing quickly, trembling a little with the effort which he had used. Then he stepped over the prostrate body and made his way to the writing-table. There were five letters there, all stamped and addressed, one to the chief of police in Paris, one to Scotland Yard, another to the Minister of Justice in France. One by one he threw them into the still smoldering fire, lit matches, watched them consumed, raked over the ashes, put more coal upon the fire. Then, without hesitation, he searched the man's pockets, destroyed every paper he could find, transferred the pocketbook, with its wad of banknotes, to his own pocket. He searched the room for more papers. There were none. His task was ended!

There was a knock at the door. Silence for a moment, and then the sound of a key. Only just in time Ambrose shot the bolt and then stepped back. The knock was repeated, louder this time. There was whispering outside, the knocking grew louder and more

persistent. Ambrose gave one more look around the room. Then he walked to the window and threw up the sash. Far below were the tops of the trees in the Embankment gardens. Beyond was the Thames, unusually brilliant in the stream of clear winter sunshine. A soft wind was blowing. The sky was almost blue. Ambrose closed his eyes.

"Let me forget," he murmured. "I want to think of the poplar-trees, and the organ, and the little girl who stole down through the meadows, across the river, up the path, up the stone-flagged aisle. Yes, I hear her feet!"

The knocking at the door became a thunder. Once more Ambrose closed his eyes.

"Christine!" he said. "Christine!" His left wrist stiffened upon the window-sill.

"Christine!" he murmured once more, and disappeared.

XL

"Music and starlight, the laughter of fair women, the company of those we love!" Lord Ellingham exclaimed, raising his glass. "What else is there for which we could ask?"

"Nothing," Gilbert Hannaway declared, with conviction. "If this is a toast, I drink to it."

They were a *partie carrée*, dining out of doors in the courtyard of an ancient but fashionable Parisian hotel. The round table at which they sat was brilliant with silver, beautiful cut glass, and drooping clusters of scarlet flowers. A few yards away the water from a dainty fountain fell with a soft insistent splash into a marble basin. A band was playing quiet music in some hidden retreat. All around them were other parties of diners; beyond were the high gray walls which screened the hotel gardens from observation. Chicot, fat and sleek, but with his face more wrinkled than ever, reclined upon a chair, regarding with disdain a small gold bracelet on his arm.

"It is beautiful," the marchioness murmured, "and yet in a way it is a little unnatural. From the silence, the breeze in the trees, the open skies, we should be buried somewhere in the country, surrounded by woods and meadows and hills. And here we are in the heart of Paris. Scarcely a quarter of a mile away is the Boulevard. One can even hear the roar if one listens."

"One need not listen," Christine remarked, smiling. "As for me, I think that I have heard enough of the tumult of cities to last me

all my life. I am looking forward to spending the rest of it in the quiet places."

"It is fortunate," Hannaway whispered in her ear, "that my home is in the country."

The marchioness leaned toward her husband. "You have told me nothing," she murmured, "about your interview."

He smiled. "There is very little to be told," he said. "I was received by the chief of police, and introduced to two members of the government. We talked intimately for more than an hour. I learned from them, among other things, that Leblun had never communicated to them any of his suspicions. They had absolutely no idea as to the identity of the person for whom he was searching in London."

She shivered a little. "It was dangerous, was it not, to open the subject at all?" she asked.

"It was dangerous, perhaps," he answered, "but I was very anxious to turn down that page and seal it fast. I am more than ever glad now that I determined to do so. We avoided, of course, anything in the nature of direct statements. The case I put to them was a supposititious one, but I am quite sure that they understood. The restitution of the four million francs made everything exceedingly easy."

"You will never be troubled again?" she said softly.

"Never again," he answered. "I have the word of one of the greatest men in this country."

"And poor Christine," she said, "has lost her fortune."

"Christine," he declared, "will have to come to me for a dowry."

Christine sighed and stroked Chicot. "I am afraid," she said, "that it will never be necessary."

"Let me relieve you of all fears," Hannaway said. "I am so urgent a suitor that I declare at once that the matter of a dowry does not interest me."

The marquis laid his hand upon Hannaway's shoulder. "You are the son-in-law for me," he declared. "What with an extravagant wife and my falling rents, it will be a godsend to have some one from whom I can borrow money. Now what are you people going to do? Margaret and I are due at the embassy. In fact, we are rather overdue now. Do you want to send for tickets for the theater?"

Christine shook her head. "We are going to drive in the Bois," she said. "I am going to sit hand in hand with Gilbert, and I am go-

ing to try to make up my mind whether it will ever be possible for me to marry him."

"We shall see you later, then," the marquis remarked. "You are ready, Margaret?"

They left the table together and made their way toward the hotel entrance, a very notable couple. The marchioness, with the figure of a girl, the carriage of an empress, and the toilet of a Parisienne, excited the admiration of everyone. The marquis, too, slender, distinguished looking, seemed years younger than a few months back. His servant was waiting in the foyer with his coat and hat. The marchioness turned toward the elevator.

"I told Hortense," she said, "that I would come up for my things. She was so afraid that the breeze in the garden would disarrange my coiffure. Francis."

"My dear?" he answered.

"You don't think," she asked, "that Christine regrets the loss of her fortune?"

"Not in the least," he answered gravely. "You must remember that though it has lain for all these years banked in her name she knows whence it came. There was no course open to her but to return it."

"I wonder," she murmured, "what that strange little man would have said?"

"I think," the marquis answered, "that he would have approved. Half mad though he was, there was one thing at least in which he was sincere, and that was his devotion to Christine and his desire for her happiness."

The marchioness nodded thoughtfully. "You are right," she said. "Yes, I am sure that you are right."

They drove off together a few minutes later, in an electric coupé. Her hand stole into his.

"This is really the end of it, then, Francis," she said, "the end of our nightmare?"

"It is finished," he answered. "I suppose an impartial person would say that I am very lucky, that I got off very lightly. Yet I did discover that hell is not merely a Scriptural parable. I felt the flames, Margaret. I think they have left their mark forever."

"It is over and done with now," she said softly.

He raised her fingers to his lips. "It has taught me more than endurance," he said fondly. "I think it has brought us closer together for all the years."

"For all the years!" she echoed, pressing his hand gently.

Hannaway would have called an automobile, but Christine stopped him.

"No," she said. "I want to be really *bourgeois* to-night. I want one of those little crazy *voitures ordinaires*. Once I used to watch the couples drive out in them, up the Champs Elysées, on Sundays, and envy them. I want to see what it feels like."

He laughed as he handed her in and arranged a mat for Chicot. "Well, there are rubber tires, at any rate," he said. "I warn you, though, that I shall insist upon holding your hand."

"I should be very much annoyed if you did not," she answered, laughing. "In fact, I believe that when we get right up in the Bois it will be quite the correct thing for you to assume that I need even further support. Gilbert, what a wonderful night! Look at the stars, and look at the lights in front here, on the Place de la Concorde and up the Champs Elysées."

"It is a wonderful world," he answered. "Wonderful when I realize that we are sitting here side by side, when I remember the long years that I spent, looking everywhere, in every street of every city, for you."

"It is so hard for me to believe that, even now," she remarked thoughtfully. "What was there about me, in those days, to attract you? I was sullen and fierce. My temper had been ruined. I was suspicious of everybody."

He shook his head. "What it was I cannot tell," he answered. "Yet it is strange that you did not guess. I used to hang about at the fringe of the crowd when you sang in the Place Madeleine. I used even to follow you and Ambrose to your next place, and stand there again. You would never talk to me. You seemed always to look me through and through, as though I were some person belonging to another world, whose five-franc pieces, perhaps, were useful to Chicot and to Ambrose, but whom you yourself regarded with the most supreme and absolute indifference. Yet you smiled at me once or twice—a wonderful smile it was, Christine."

She laughed. "Well," she said, "we will not talk of those days. After all, they were terrible. I was never happy, even when we were successful. I wanted everything I had

not. I was cruel to Ambrose. I had a rabid and unwholesome craving for luxury."

"Your life was not natural," he said quietly. "Your very association with so strange a creature as Ambrose Drake was enough to unsettle you."

She nodded thoughtfully. "I must not think of him," she said. "It makes me sad. And to-night I do not want to be sad. Gilbert, what a stream of people! Are they all lovers, I wonder?"

"In Paris," he answered, "the whole world loves. It is in the atmosphere. I too feel it, Christine."

"We had better turn back," she murmured.

"There is no turning back," he answered. "I think we have come far enough for me to offer you that other support, Christine, and I think we have come far enough in life for you to give me both these hands, and to tell me that never again in the world need I go wandering from city to city, striving always to realize a beautiful dream. The dream has become life, Christine! The dream is you!"

The road was narrow, and the arching trees touched overhead. Their lips met for one long moment. Then she drew him a little toward her with an impulsive gesture.

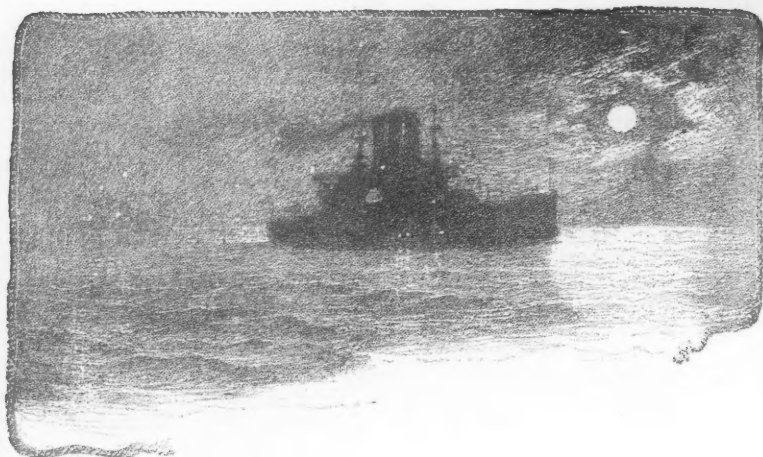
"I do not want you to go out to look for any more such dreams," she said. "I am tired of wandering in foreign countries. I am tired of being homeless. I want to belong somewhere, Gilbert."

A little reckless, he took her in his arms. "You belong to me," he declared. "The other days are finished."

Chicot opened his eyes and looked at them with a little yawn. Some latent—or was it lingering?—instinct of delicacy induced him to turn his head. He looked steadily out into the black shadows of the Bois. His eyes were set, his face was more wrinkled than ever. So the crazy little carriage rumbled on into one of the broader thoroughfares. The coachman cracked his whip, they took their place in the stream of vehicles, the bicycles with illuminated balloons, the swiftly rushing automobiles with their flaring lights.

THE END

A remarkable novel by **Herbert Quick**, entitled "*Virginia of the Air-Lanes*," will begin in the next issue.



One Night With the Big Fleet

AN INCIDENT OF THE GREAT CRUISE

By Richard Barry

Illustrated by William R. Leigh



A FLEET of sixteen battle-ships steaming around the globe affords at night a spectacle which Bub Watkins, the captain's coxswain, calls "fillin'." "What do they look like after dark?" I asked before we started. "Like a string of cheap drug-stores," said the midshipman who had been 'way over to the Mediterranean on his practice cruise, and who was therefore a well-worn man of the world. But it is better than that.

Some time ago they took the green shades off all the lights in the officers' staterooms, because they shone through the ports and made the men-of-war look like citizen liners. Even now, the lights shine out of the ports lawlessly, while the law compels the constant flying of the red and green port and starboard running-lights, as well as the truck-light that indicates the speed and the masthead-light that indicates the class of vessel. Then, too, the intricate system of signals adds confusion, but color, to the spectacle.

One night, shortly after the deck-officers had gone on duty for the mid-watch, the four white ardois lanterns at the masthead of the *Missouri* were turned on. They fluttered for about half a minute. Then, with three rapid pulsations of the red light at the top, the signal went out and left the fleet riding as before, like a trail of titan's phosphorus through the tropic seas. "Z" it was; and "Z" means that a man is overboard.

Instantly on sixteen bridges was sounded the cry, "Man overboard!" and from sixteen annunciators "Slow speed" was rung to the engine-rooms. The *Ohio*, which was just ahead, and the *Maine*, which was just astern, flashed their searchlights on the waters about the troubled ship. From the quarterdeck and from the forecastle of the *Missouri* copper life-buoys were hurled into the sea; these bore cans of calcium chloride which burst into flame as they touched the water—beacons for the lost sailor.

There was a patter of bare feet on the superstructure of the *Missouri*, three or four sharp orders, a jangling of tackle, and the life-

boat, which hangs ever ready on davits, swung clear of the ship's side, slipped into the water, and was rowed swiftly into the ever-widening white circle made by the neighboring men-of-war. In the stern-sheets of each life-boat are always provisions for two days and a cask of fresh water, for frequently in a storm the big ship loses the little one for many hours, and it is always a question with the officer of the deck whether or not he should order away the boat.

At the same time a similar boat from the *Kentucky*, the eighth ship in the line, had cast off. These two boats, each manned by six oars and a coxswain, rapidly came together into the region of the life-buoys, which could be seen like stars jewelizing the dusky sea. The *Missouri* and the four ships in her rear had veered out of column. Presently the three ships ahead veered, as well as the eight steaming a mile away on the starboard beam. For one man out of fifteen thousand the whole fleet was stopping. It seemed unfair; some strain of mercy, foreign to the storied business of war, was halting this world-tour.

Meanwhile, from all that two-mile-square expanse of quiet sea clatter piled on spectacle, spectacle on wonder, wonder on apprehension, apprehension on curiosity, and curiosity on laughter. Now ensued the quickest job an officer of the deck has to face. When a man falls overboard that officer has seven separate and distinct things to do, all at the same time; seven, count them. (1) He flashes "Z" on the ardois; (2) he throws his helm three points and veers out of column; (3) he stops his engines; (4) he fires a gun; (5) he drops the life-buoys; (6) he orders away the life-boat; and (7) he shifts the white truck-light, which has previously announced his peaceful progress at standard speed, to a red light, which says he has stopped his engines, and then blinks it, which declares feverishly that he is backing.

From all over the fleet things were doing. Three-pounders were barking out rusty salute charges. Ardois Z's were caracoling lusty staccato shrieks. The creamy surge that had been curving sea-shavings over direct bows now churned under the propellers, and flipped up foam into the searchlights. The entire first squadron, except the *Connecticut*, from the *Kansas* down the line, had come to a stop. Finally the *Connecticut*, too, slowed her engines and hove to. The captain came from his bunk, climbed to the bridge, and asked many questions that nobody could answer.

The admiral was roused from his emergency cabin and hurried out, lacking a coat, and in slippers, but not before he had paused to lift a stogy from a drawer, had viciously bit off the end and thrust it into his mouth. Then he went about, from flag-lieutenant to quartermaster, from quartermaster to yeoman, from yeoman to signalman, asking nothing about the accident, imploring only for a light. And between each irrelevant question he looked aft over the rail of his bridge upon a rare sight.

Some hundred miles off the coast of Brazil, and just south of the equator, sixteen battle-ships and two little auxiliary cruisers, which had been loafing in the rear, had come to a full stop. A southwesterly current had been sweeping them along at the rate of two knots an hour, and the engines had added ten. A contrary current and some hurt steering-gear in the *Alabama* had delayed them north of the equator, but now they were hurrying on to get into the harbor of Rio de Janeiro before sundown of the second day following. Yet here they were, engines idle at midnight, losing a precious hour because a common seaman had inadvertently slipped over the side of the *Missouri*. There was no temper lost. Everyone waited patiently. The life-saving machinery was at work, as provided in the regulations. There was no need to worry; the incident would take care of itself. The laws of the Medes were exact, and those of the Persians explicit; the Jews had a decalogue, and there have been a few codes devised since by Justinian, Napoleon, and others. All those, however, were amateur attempts; in professional lawmaking the United States Naval Regulations say the final word. So, when a man drops overboard from a fleet at night, though wars go on and people perish, that vivid and diverse spectacle cannot be countermanded.

We lay there becalmed, fumbling in the tepid dark. The searchlights played their stark wonder over the dancing nightcaps where the silly waves tried to hide their loquacious heads. Each described its twenty-degree arc of the circle and then began over again. The life-boats wandered aimlessly. The coxswains blew their whistles. The copper buoys were gathered in. No answer, no sign of life. The hope of a nation sat down on its course; the modern armada waited. But we were obeying the law.

Finally the *Connecticut* grew petulant; she began flashing her interrogatory. And the

One Night With the Big Fleet

Minnesota became peevish; she blinked and sputtered with the ardois. The commander-in-chief must have been on the bridge; the other admirals, in their isolated grandeur, must have been abroad. When one of them talks it is not with human kind; he chatters with the elements, and gossips by electricity.

At length the *Missouri's* ardois came to life. It began winking, blinking that red-and-white dot, dash, dot, dot, dash, dash, dash, dot, dash; pulsating, winking, still flashing on, a long, long message.

A guffaw floated up from the deck. Some jack who knew the code had caught the message. Whispering, chatter, laughter; a ripple of merriment went over the ship. Then the searchlights were shamefacedly doused. We heard the angry slap of the davit-belt over the *Missouri's* side. They were buckling up the boat, and there was unmistakable disgust in that slap. From the *Kentucky*, far down the line, came only blank and discreet silence; she was accepting her shame quietly. Then an orderly brought a transcript of the *Missouri's* message to the admiral.

"Happy to report," he read, and shrugged his shoulders. There is seldom editorial comment in the report of a junior officer. "Happy to report false alarm. Seaman sleeping in side hammock had nightmare and called out, 'Man overboard!'"

No, the *Missouri* was not reprimanded. The admiral and his captains only laughed and turned in. But I was awake. It was two bells of the mid-watch, and, spread abroad on the face of the waters, again gathering momentum for her flight around the world, was that ever-inspiring, ever-mysterious sight—the fleet at night.

I twirled the tassel of my pajama-cord to see if I should go fore or aft. It turned near-silk, and I climbed to the admiral's bridge. There he lay, his slippers off, in shirt and trousers, his gray old head absolved of sea-vexations. In the cabin beyond, his flag-lieutenant nestled in a knit comforter. Only the signalman on the lookout by the semaphore kept watch there near the brain of the fleet.

Aft trailed that sweep of comets. The sixteen were back again, in line of squadron, the drug-store riding-lights abeam, the truck-lights white, thus spelling standard speed. Heaving, swelling, majestically plowing, they pursued their ponderous, implacable way. Mothered of crested seas, sired of the deep, they sped on, like the curse of Thor, lightning

forged. Ominous there in the solemn night, the hushed spirit of the guns draped them with hidden might; the cabalistic twinkle of those blinking eyes robbed them with profound intelligence. By day they were white and yellow fortresses, unlovely, ungainly; by night they wove new beauty, new power. Behind them lay terrors bested; ahead there lay a magic carpet of infinite variety, a bath of stars leading them eternally!

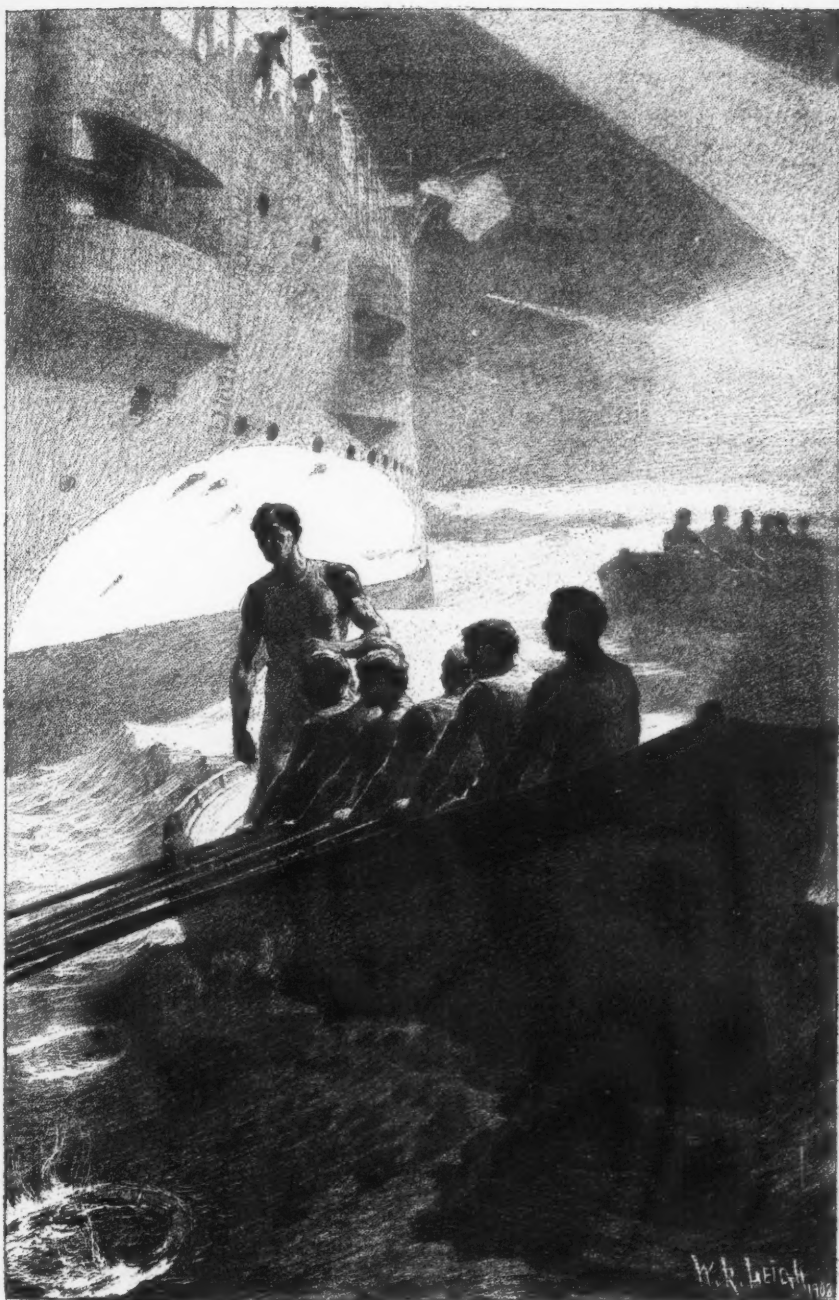
The gray old head of the admiral tossed and muttered in its sleep. When he first went to sea his mother asked him how they tied up the ship at night, and when he replied that it kept on going right through the night she wanted to know how it could see. For fifty years he had survived ocean's perils, and now he was going for the last time to that ingenious mother, as safe in his lofty bunk as any shoreman in his cot, protected by the intricate laws of the road and the ever-vigilant naval regulations.

On the quarterdeck below a marine paced slowly from side to side, waiting lest another signal be flown, when he would leap to the trigger that releases the life-buoy. Alone, the only sign of life on the quarterdeck, he looked in the dim shadow like an errant spirit conjuring sentry-duty from imaginative perils.

It was too lofty a perch on the after bridge, too lonely a space on the vacant quarterdeck. I groped my way forward, wiping from my brow the tropic night-sweat. Under a spreading steam-cutter that lifted its giant shape athwart the superstructure I bumped down to my knees, fell flat on my face, heard growls, curses, stumbled up with a skinned hand and peered dimly in the darkness. Forms were rolling under the cutter, a tangle of arms and legs tossed aloft under the yellow ventilator, a hairy chest rose to superb height, a weary laugh flitted into the vast night.

"Choke the idiot!" "If he's overboard let him stay!" "Belay his deck-tackle!" This from the chest and the tangle of legs. Then, from a thin-hipped slight form: "Pardon me. I was sleeping in the gangway." Then, from a severe face, one that authority had cut with executive decision: "Gangway there! Clear the gangway!"

I stumbled down the first ladder to the main deck. Here men were clinging to the floor of the superstructure, what you might call the ceiling of that warship's top story. Each man in his hammock, slung up above like sacks of flour, they slept there by the



TWO BOATS, EACH MANNED BY SIX OARS AND A COXSAIN, RAPIDLY CAME
TOGETHER INTO THE REGION OF THE LIFE-BUOYS



THE BOY GOES BACK TO HIS AIRY PERCH, HIGH ABOVE THE SEA, KEEN TO WAYLAY
EVERY BREEZE, REMOVED FROM NOISE AND HUMAN ASSOCIATION

score, and I dipped my head as I went under them.

Down the next ladder to the gun-deck I passed with what celerity the tropics leave in one for night-prowling, and still the hammocks clung, like barnacles on a castaway, tight to the steel rafters of the protective deck. And piled in compact rows, behind the breeches of the seven-inch guns, which showed indistinctly against the open ports, lay the light oaken ditty-boxes, one of which constitutes the entire kit of the enlisted man. A ditty-box the size of a bootblack's kit, a canvas bag such as golfers use, a hammock, and leave to cling to the ceiling—that is the sailor's lot in the new navy. Cleanliness and discipline by day, folded up like a jack-knife by night, and fed the best food on earth—these are the rewards he reaps for charting out the sea-path of a new world-power.

A goat bleated in the next passage to the deck where the openings are to the engine-rooms. A coon slunk a pitiful way, yearning in the close night for release from his fur. Wearing a coonskin in the tropics is not healthful, especially if you are the coon. A parrot nodded from her flying-perch, and I wished that the regulations provided a place shaded with palm-leaves for all mascots when in the tropics.

Up from the engine-rooms crept the deep rumble of the insistent chug that drives a steamship from seaboard to seaboard as steadily as the hands of a clock, while you eat and sleep and loaf and read and dream. I found the open hatch and slipped into the companionway that leads down among the brass rods and the purple disks of the higher power than gunnery which leads a people to prosperity, the power of steam. No inch of wood was visible, and space stretched forth on every line of vision; space, vast, complicated, crammed full with delicate contraptions. In the hollow distance an oiler inverted his can and poured soothing lotions into his monster plaything, as a mother ladles soothing-syrup, and he went about it with the same loving fondness, singing his lullaby to the lungs of the ship.

Down, down, down ladder after steel ladder, into the tortuous ways directly above the double bottoms, until, at last, I stood

squarely in the fire-rooms themselves, and watched the grimy stokers ply their unhand-some task. Cool, cooler than the quarter-deck it was down there, eleven stories—rather, eleven decks—from the after bridge where slept the oblivious admiral. And the mid-watch stoke-shift looked as comfortable as any deck-hand swabbing a hatch.

But it was close. I sought again that body-littered superstructure where the sleeping faces begged dumbly for a breath of breeze. And still up, two ladders more, till I stood, at length, on the flying-bridge with the officer of the watch and silently observed the helmsman, as he grasped the wheel and peered intently through his dial-plate at the oscillating compass.

The fleet still trailed its titan's phosphorus astern; the magic carpet still loomed ahead. At length the moon came struggling up, a late, full, override tropical moon, agog with jealous keenness, questioning the impertinence of this earthly rival.

"Look!" said the officer of the watch. "See that lad down there. This is his first time in the tropics. See him search for a place to sleep. He doesn't know that the coolest place is right up close to the under-deck. You can't keep the green ones in their hammocks these nights. Wait. I'll call him."

The captain's orderly disappears and presently fetches the new lad, sleepy eyed.

"Where are you going?" asks the officer of the watch.

"On the roof."

"You mean the fo'castle."

"No. The roof—that little house up above the—the fo'castle."

"Oh! The turret hood."

"Yes. I mean, yes, sir!"

"Very well."

And the boy from the inland prairies goes back to his airy perch, high above the sea, keen to waylay every breeze, removed from noise and human association, beyond the reach of cinders. There you may picture him night after night, wrapped in a blanket, studying the Southern Cross and high-girt Orion; projected, as it were, beyond the fleet, over the magic carpet; content, ecstatic; sailing, sailing, sailing into the unknown.



LITTLE TALES



A Telepathic Tragedy

By Herbert Quick



HE sat reading a magazine. Chancing upon a picture of the bronze Sappho which, if you have luck, you will find in the museum at Naples, he began gazing at it, first casually, then intently, then almost hypnotically. The grand woman's head with its low masses of hair; the nose so high as to be almost Roman, so perfect in chiseling as to be ultra-Greek; the mouth eloquent of divinest passion; the neck, sloping off to strong shoulders and a bust opulent of charm—it shot through him an unwonted thrill. It may have arisen from memories of Lesbos, Mitylene, and the Leucadian Rock. It may have been the direct influence from her peephole on Olympus of Sappho's own Aphrodite. Anyhow, he felt the thrill.

Possibly it was some subtle effluence from things nearer and more concrete than either, for as he closed the magazine that he might rarely and prolong this pulsing wave of poetry by excluding the distracting pages from his sight, his vision, resting for an instant upon the ribbon of grass and flowers flowing back beside the train, swept inboard and was arrested by a modish hat, a pile of ruddy hair, a rosy ear, the creamy back and side of a round neck, and the curve of a cheek. A most interesting phenomenon in wave-interference at once took place. The hypnotic vibrations of the Sapphic thrill were affected by a new se-

ries, striking them in like phases. The result was the only possible one. The vibrations went on, in an amplitude increased to the height of their superimposed crests. No wonder things happened: it is a matter of surprise that the very deuce was not to pay.

For the hair combined with the hat in a symmetrical and harmonious whole, in an involved and curvilinear complexity difficult to describe; but the effect is easy to imagine—I hope. The red-brown coils wound in and out under a broad brim which drooped on one side and on the other curled jauntily up as if consciously recurving from the mass of marvelous bloom and foliage under it. Dark-red tones climbed up to a climax of quivering green and crimson in a natural and, indeed, inevitable inflorescence. But, engrossed by sundry details below it, his attention gave him a concept of the millinery vastly more vague and impressionistic than ours.

The sunburst of hair was one of the details. It radiated from a core of creamy skin from some mystic center concealed under fluffy laciness. The ear, too, claimed minute attention. It was a marvel of curves and sinuosities, ivory here, pearl-pink there, its lines winding down to a dainty lobe lit by a sunset glow, a tiny flame from the lambent furnace of the heart. Cold science avers that these fairy convolutions are designed for the one utilitarian purpose of concentrating the sound-waves for a more efficient impact upon the auditory nerve; but this is crudely false. They are a Cretan labyrinth for the amazing of the fancy that the heart may be drawn after—and they are not without their Minotaur, either!

"Pshaw!" said he to himself. "What nonsense! I'll finish my magazine!"

This good resolution was at once acted upon. He turned his eyes back along the trail by which they had so unwarrantably wandered—along the line of coiffure, window,

landscape, page, Sappho; describing almost a complete circle—or quite. As he retraced this path so virtuously, the living picture shifted and threw into the problem—for a problem it had now become—certain new factors which seemed to compel a readjustment of plans. These were a fuller view of the cheek, a half profile of the nose, and just the tiniest tips of the lips and chin. He forgot all about Sappho, but the Sapphic vibrations went on increasingly.

The profile—the new one—was, so far, Greek, also. It was still so averted that there was no danger in amply verifying this conclusion by a prolonged gaze.

No danger?

Foolhardy man, more imminent peril never put on so smooth a front! Read history, rash one, and see thrones toppled over, dungeons filled with pale captives, deep accursed tarns sending up bubbling cries for vengeance, fleets in flames, plains ravaged, city walls beaten down, palaces looted, beauty dragged at the heels of lust, all from such gazes as this of thine. And if you object to history, examine the files of the nearest *nisi prius* court. It all comes to the same thing.

Would she turn the deeper seduction of

those eyes and lips to view? Seemingly not, for with every sway of the car they retreated farther behind the curve of the cheek. This curve was fair and rounded, and for a while it satisfied the inquiry. What if another cheek be pressed against that tinted snowy fulness! And what if that other were the cheek we wot of!

Clearly, said the inward monitor, this will never do! This Sappho-Aphrodite-Sunburst Syndicate must be resisted.

At the same time—the half concealed being traditionally the most potent snare of the devil—would it not be in every way safer, as well as more satisfactory, to have a full-view of the face? Were there any truth in the theory of telepathy the thing might be accomplished. A strong and continuous exercise of the will acting upon that other will, and the thing is done.

You see the extent to which the nefarious operations of the syndicate had been pushed? Unaffected by the malign influence of those waves meeting in like phases, he would have felt himself no more at liberty to do this thing than to put his rude hand under the dimpled chin and ravish a look from the violated eyes.

For all that, he found himself fixing his will



Drawings by Henry Raleigh

THE PROFILE—THE NEW ONE—WAS GREEK, ALSO



HE LOOKED AFTER THE FLYING TRAIN, AND SMILED, AND SIGHED

upon the turning of that head. He fancied he saw a rosier glow in the cheek and ear. Surely this can be no illusion—even the creamy neck glows faintly roseate. And still he sent out, or imagined he sent out, the thought-waves commanding the face to turn. And mingled with it was the sense of battle and the prevision of victory.

Slowly, slowly, like a blossom toward the sun, the head turned, the eyes directed upward, the lips a little apart. The mouth, the chin, the Greek nose, the violet eyes, enthralled him for a moment, and swung back out of sight again. He had won and, winning, had lost. The neck was rosy now. He felt himself tremble as once more she turned her head until the fringed mystery of those upturned eyes lay open to his gaze, though her glance never really met his. He saw, in one intense, lingering look, the blue irises, the lighter border about the pupils, the wondrous rays emanating from those black, mystic flowers; he saw the fine dilated nostrils, the rosy, perfect lips; he saw the evanescent quiver of allurements at the corners of the mouth, the white teeth just glinting from their warm concealment. He saw—

"Oak Grove! All out for Oak Grove! Remember your umbrellas and parcels!"

Thus the brakeman raucously rescuing the victims of wave-interference. Thus Terminus baffling Aphrodite. Yet not without a struggle do the sea-born goddess and the sea-doomed poet surrender their unaccomplished task. He rose, stepped into the aisle, and

passed her; then he turned, looked gravely for a moment into her eyes, and sadly whispered, "Good-by!"

If surprised, she did not show the fact by the slightest start. Soberly she dropped her eyelids, seriously she raised them, and with the manner of one who, breaking intimate converse at the parting-place, bids farewell to a dear companion, she breathed, "Good-by!"

Said the lady who drove him from the station, "My dear, is it a guilty conscience or the fate of the race that makes you so—abstracted?"

"A guilty conscience," he laughed, laying his hand on hers. He looked after the flying train, and smiled, and sighed. "After all," he added, "I believe it's the fate of the race!"

The Deceit of Rufus

By Edwin Bliss

OLD MAN BLANEY shifted uneasily on the rustic bench in the back yard and gazed longingly at the hole in the board fence that separated him from Captain Foster's house. He was mighty lonesome, and, besides, the sharp, shooting pains where his wooden leg had been joined on to his body bothered him more than usual.

"I wish't Susan'd le' me stay in th' kitchen t'-day," he murmured. "Pears like I

wouldn't 'a' been so much in th' way—jest a-sittin' behin' th' fire an' a-smokin' my—” He suddenly slapped his knee, as a new thought struck him. “I keep a-fergettin' th' celebratin'. Rufe Blaney,” he apostrophized himself, “ye're a mean cuss t' want t' be a-smellin' th' hull house up 'ith yer ol' pipe!”

An elderly, sharp-featured woman thrust open the kitchen door and peered suspiciously around the yard. “Ru-fus!” she called shrilly.

“Yes, mother.” The old man hobbled forward to meet her.

“Oh, there y'u be!” She glanced at him with reassured indifference, and had almost closed the door when he timidly interrupted,

“Mother, I reckon if Abbie Parker's comin' t' th' party th' cap'n 'll be kinder peaked, all to hisself.”

“We-ll, is that my fault?”

“No, mother,” he replied, abashed at her sharpness. “Only I thought mebbe he might like t' have me cheer him up.”

“Rufe Blaney, what 're y'u all th' time a-hintin' fer? Do y'u want t' go over t' Joel Parker's?”

“Yes, mother,” he humbly admitted.

“We-ll,” she hesitated, and his eager face fell at the expected denial, “don't git out o' earshot then, 'cause I might want y'u t' run an errand. That pesky boy o' Allendorf's ain't brought th' ice-cream yet. 'Low he's playin' marbles ag'in.”

“I'll only be in th' back yard,” he gratefully assured her. “Th' cap'n's putterin' aroun' in his wood-shed, kinder lonesome like, an' I jest thought o' goin' over.”

As he turned to leave she noticed him throw his weight off the artificial limb to his cane, and her stern face relaxed. “Rheumatiz t'-day, Rufe?” she queried.

“Shucks, no!” he stoutly denied, averting his face that she might not see the grimace

a sharp twinge was twisting it into. She closed the door abruptly, and he hobbled quickly away.

“Ru-fus!”

He turned obediently, just as he had succeeded in inserting his wooden member through the hole in the fence. “Yes, mother?”

“Mind what I tell y'u 'bout sittin' near that damp pig-pen.”

“I wish 't Susan wouldn't bother so much 'bout me,” he querulously complained as he finally emerged in the Parker place and looked anxiously about for the captain.

Putting his hands to his lips he tremulously

pipied an old bugle-call through them. Almost instantly a wizened face showed at the back window a second, then it disappeared, and a crooked little figure dressed in a suit of faded army blue, with dingy gold braid around the brim of the battered slouch hat, hobbled out into the yard.

“Arternoon, Cap'n!”

The hand of the bugler went up in precise salute as the aged body stiffened to attention.

“Arternoon, Sergeant!”

Captain Parker returned the salutation.

“How's th' backt'-day, Cap'n?”

“Tol'able, Sergeant.”

The captain wiggled the hump the war had left him with, to prove how remarkably well it really was. “How's th' leg?”

Rufus Blaney peered suspiciously about to satisfy himself that no one was within hearing distance,

then bent low and whispered, “Cantankerous—mighty cantankerous!”

It was the invariable greeting of years, and as by mutual consent, after it was over, they moved unsteadily to the duplicate of the bench Rufus had just vacated.

“Weather puts me in mind o' Gettysburg.” The captain gazed thoughtfully at the sky, while a deep blush showed under his wrinkled, leathery skin at the obviousness of



Drawings by G. Patrick Nelson

“RU-FUS!” SHE CALLED SHRILLY

The Deceit of Rufus

the groove he was attempting to throw the conversation into.

"Somethin' like, somethin' like," Rufus agreed, but his tone indicated that his mind was on a different subject entirely. "Fine day fer a party, hain't it?" he thrust out a feeler.

"Tol'able fair, tol'able fair." It was not such an easy matter to lead the captain from his subject. "I mind 'bout this time in the afternoon Ellsworth was a-throwin' his britches boys into th' Johnny Rebs, an'——"

"I'm mighty glad it didn't rain fer Susan's party," Rufus interrupted dreamily.

The captain peered at him out of the corner of his eye, vaguely wondering what could have happened to bring about this astonishing change in his comrade's manner. It was the first time he had ever known him to dwell upon the present to the exclusion of the past.

"An' you was a-carryin' th' colors o' th' Tenth Mass——"

"I've been a-thinkin' lately, Cap'n," Rufus again interrupted, ignoring the subtle attempt to draw him back to the war by reference to this flattering subject, "I've been a-thinkin' that mebbe I'd orter had more'n my leg shot off. Then Susan'd 'a' had a chance."

His companion was darkly silent. He too had spent some considerable thought on the same subject in regard to himself. "There's your pension," he finally suggested.

"It do help some," Rufus replied, evidently cheered a little by the thought. "Th' gover'ment's mighty good t' a worthless cuss like me. Everybody's good t' me. But I been a-thinkin' mebbe it's 'cause they're sorry. I mind when young Dan Winby come home from Cuby 'ith his arm in a sling from th' war, that——"

"War!" The captain's tone was contemptuous.

"They didn't act like they do 'bout me. Somehow 'twas jest th' same, but different. Now arter this late war——"

"Strawberry festival!" his companion snorted.

"Well, 'twan't much of a fight as we know 'bout fightin'," Rufus smiled. "But I been a-thinkin' how I'm al'ays a-gettin' in th' way. I'm jest naturally cranky 'cause they went an' buried my leg crooked at Gettysburg, an' I take it out on Susan."

"Botherin' y'u much?" the captain inquired sympathetically.

"Cantankerous," Rufus agreed. "But I got t' thinkin' when Susan said I was under a body's feet all th' time that it makes fifty years t'-day I'd been in her way. An' then I sorter got t' complainin' t' myself 'cause I couldn't smoke in th' kitchen, an' 'cause o' this an' 'cause o' that, till I come t' th' conclusion that, 'cause my leg was shot off that day, 'twan't no reason why it shouldn't 'a' been my head."

"How you talk!" The captain was visibly alarmed by such morbidity.

"I mean jest what I say," Rufus repeated emphatically. "Fifty years t'-day Susan an' I've been married, an' 'most all th' time I've been arter her 'cause some feller she never knowed went an' buried my leg crooked. But she's been jest as good t' me all th' time as if I was a whole man. She's managed everything—tuk care o' me an' tended th' children till they married or went out into th' world—an' all the years I ain't done a thing but whine 'round like t'-day, jest a-sp'ilin' Susan's party."

"Shucks!" his companion sniffed, unable to controvert the depressing statements, but disdainful, nevertheless.



THE HAND WENT UP IN PRECISE SALUTE AS THE AGED BODY STIFFENED TO ATTENTION



"AN' YOU WAS A-CARRYIN' TH' COLORS O' TH' TENTH MASS——"

"An' I been a-thinkin' if th' General in Command was t' give me three things I wanted, I'd wish——"

"Do *you* think o' that, too?" The little cripple laid his hand eagerly upon his friend's sleeve. "I put in lots o' time that way."

"I wouldn't presume t' dictate t' him, but I'd wish that out o' his abundant mercy"—he lifted his eyes reverently to the clear, blue heavens—"he'd show me where my leg was buried, so's I could straighten it out, natural like, an' it wouldn't hurt no more, an' make me cranky to Susan."

"I'd wish I was a-leadin' my ol' comp'ny in a charge"—the captain almost rose to his feet in the excitement of the moment—"an' could hear th' Johnny Rebs a-yellin' an' could see th' ragged flag a-wavin', an' could feel them a-givin'——"

"Hold on! First wish," the sergeant abruptly halted him. "A-leadin' your comp'ny's one wish! Next, I'd wish Susan'd think o' me as a *whole* man, even if I ain't. An' that she's havin' a mighty nice party fer her golden weddin' anniversary, 'cause she's stood such a powerful lot these fifty years," he finished with a sigh.

A long time the comrades sat in silence, their hands shyly touching under the edge of the bench, for all the world like some bashful lovers. A shrill voice penetrated their gloom, and the captain gently placed his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"Susan's callin', comrade."

"Yes, mother," the old man answered

quaveringly. Then, in explanation to his chum, "That gosh-blamed boy o' Allendorf's ain't come 'ith th' ice-cream yet!"

"*Ru-fus!*"

He turned in dismay to his companion. The softness imparted to his name by accenting the first syllable disturbed him vaguely, and heidgeted with the disquiet of a child. "Somethin's happened," he ventured timidly. "It's 'most sence th' war that Susan ain't bit off my name."

"*Ru-fus!* Th' folks is all waitin' t' congratulate y'u on our golden weddin' anniversary."

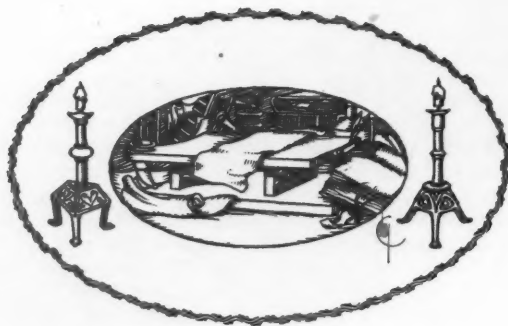
"*Our!*" he murmured eagerly. "*Our* golden weddin'! An' Susan remembered it sorter belonged t' *me*, too!" His knotty old hands quivered helplessly a moment before he could close them around the head of his cane, and his tremulous voice was but the echo of a sound as he huskily whispered, "Comin', mother."

"*Ru-fus!* Don't forget t' fetch th' cap'n along."

Dazed, he listened to the sound of the door closing, then, with his brimming eyes upturned, his lips moved faintly, saying simply:

"Thankee, Lord, fer doin' what I axed. Thankee. I didn't go fer t' fool y'u 'bout them wishes, an' I'm mighty glad y'u knowed it. Thankee fer sendin' cap'n along, too. Amen."

Hand in hand they tottered to the fence, and tenderly they helped each other through the hole. And in their eyes gleamed that which cleared away the mists of age—a joy that made them babble to hide its ecstasy.



Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

The Reversion to Barbarism

SO somber a phenomenon as the effacement of an ancient and brilliant civilization within the lifetime of one generation," wrote the Future Historian, "is fortunately known to have occurred only once in the history of the world. The catastrophe is not only unique in history, but all the more notable for having befallen, not a single state overrun by powerful barbarians, but a half of the world; and for having been effected by a seemingly trivial agency that sprang from the civilization itself. Indeed, it was the work of one man! True, he was the logical product of his time and its tendencies, and even before his sinister power had begun to accomplish the destruction of his race was so illustrious among his countrymen that he was known as Maximus—the Greatest. As in the instances of all who had previously achieved the lesser distinction of 'the Great,' his claim to preeminence cannot now be ascertained, but his modern title, 'Maledictus,' is easily understood.

"Hiram Perry (or Percy) Maximus was born in the latter part of the nineteenth century of 'the Christian Era,' in Podunk, the capital of America. Little is known of his ancestry, although Dumbleshaw affirms on evidence not cited by him that he came of a family of pirates that infested the waters of Lake Erie (now the desert of Gobol) as early as 1813. Whatever strain of ancestral cru-

elty may have deformed his character, it is probable that his malign bent was mostly a racial heritage, for to its invention and operation of devices for destroying life the entire civilization of his period owes its unenviable place in the world's annals. With a now inconceivable perversity, all the American and European nations of the time competed in encouraging, by public honors and material rewards, the making of destructive mechanical devices and chemical compounds, which they spent millions of lives and treasure in testing upon one another. It was inevitable that this terrible infatuation would one day have its logical consequence in something which, like a judgment of the gods, would involve them all in merited ruin.

"The precise nature of Hiram Perry's invention is not known—probably could not now be understood. It was called 'the silent firearm'—so much we learn from such fragmentary chronicles of the period as have come down to us; also that it was of so small size that it could be put into the 'pocket.' (In his 'Dictionary of Antiquities' the learned Pantin-Gwox defines 'pocket' as, first, 'the main temple of the American deity'; second, 'a small receptacle worn on the person.' The latter definition is the one, doubtless, that concerns us if the two things are not the same.) Regarding the work of 'the silent firearm' we have light in abundance. Indeed, the entire history of the brief but bloody period between its inven-

tion and the extinction of the Christian civilization is an unbroken record of its fateful employment.

"Of course the immense armies of the time were at once supplied with the new weapon, with results that none had foreseen. Soldiers were thenceforth as formidable to their officers as to their enemies. It was no longer possible to maintain discipline, for no officer dared offend, by punishment or reprimand, one who could fatally retaliate as secretly and securely in the repose of camp as in the tumult of battle. In civil affairs the deadly device was malignly active. Statesmen in disfavor (and all were hateful to men of contrary politics) fell dead in the forum by means invisible and inaudible. Anarchy, discarding her noisy and imperfectly effective methods, gladly embraced the new and safe one; and Socialism, her handmaiden, yielding to the temptation of opportunity, served her mistress, with no franker devotion but superior efficiency, by substituting for the secret ballot the secret bullet. In the temples of religion the *odium theologicum* asserted itself in suppression of heresy by assassination of heretics; animosities of writers and artists found expression in the new criticism; competition in business sought monopoly of life. Government, religion, literature, art, commerce, all became 'perilous trades,' were abandoned in terror, and perished without hope of resurrection.

"In other walks of life matters were no better. Armed with the sinister power of life and death, any evil-minded person (and most of the ancient Caucasians appear to have been evil minded) could gratify a private revenge or wanton malevolence by slaying whom he would, and nothing cried aloud the lamentable deed. With his hand in his 'pocket' he could stroll listlessly through a crowd, operating the fatal device with immunity from special suspicion. Concealed in the drapery of a window he could safely kill anyone passing by.

"In these awful conditions the foolish belief that detection and punishment of crime are not deterrent was refuted, alas! too late, by a régime of general murder. So horrible was the mortality, so futile all preventive legislation, that society was stricken with a universal panic. Cities were plundered and abandoned; villages without villagers fell to decay; homes were given up to bats and owls, and farms became jungles infested with wild beasts. The people fled to the

mountains, the forests, the marshes, concealing themselves from one another in caves and thickets, and dying from privation and exposure and diseases more dreadful than the perils from which they had fled. When every human being distrusted and feared every other human being solitude was esteemed the only good; and solitude spells death. In one generation Americans and Europeans had slunk back into the night of barbarism from which they had so slowly and painfully emerged, and their subjugation and virtual extermination by our Polynesian ancestors, with their primitive weapons and genius for 'team-work,' followed as a matter of course.

"The fate of 'the Greatest' is unknown. There is a tradition that while expounding to a committee of Congress the advantages of his silent firearm he was destroyed by a bolt of inaudible lightning. Another relates that he fled to Central America, where he was stricken dumb, and lived for many years, silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The Writer Folk

IT IS TO BE HOPED that the lively controversy conducted by the authors of "9009," their critics and supporters has not hurt the sale of the book. It is not a bad book, barring what is not in it—the inferential postulate that convicts could be reclaimed by just treatment in the prisons. It may be that they could, as some of the rest of us might be reclaimed by just treatment outside. Unluckily justice is not of this world; it is a dream with barely enough of reality to account for its having a name. The inmate of a prison is treated with no greater unfairness than the outmate—whose claim to fairness is, generally speaking, not inferior. Whenever I shall have found a prison where justice abides, the outside world will have seen the last of me.

BUT IT LOOKS AS IF the efforts of the Little Brothers of the Bad to make a penitentiary the only place on God's footstool where one can get "a square deal" were foredoomed to failure. Even so, there is a certain security in the considerable number of practicable ways to keep out of it. Also there are several things tending to make that the line of least reluctance—among them the discomforts and tyranny that the authors of "9009"

find it so hard to endure in contemplation. If the literary blood-boilers will have the patience to bank their fires and let nature take her course through the human vein, imparting the "natural magic and dire property" of coldness toward crime, they will do more than they are now doing to dissuade their clients from breaking into jail. Dawn-hailers acclaiming the new era of universal innocence are doing yo-ho-man service for the cause, but they also serve who only stand and wait for the auroral glow; and some small utility must be credited to the brutal warden and the grinding guard—humble instruments of a larger justice than they know, or, knowing, would willingly promote.

STILL ANOTHER BOOK on the authorship of "the Junius Letters"! It incriminates one Thomas Powhall, sometime governor of Massachusetts, the evidence being both external and infernal. But the "Man in the Iron Mask" maintains his impregnable identity, and the age of Ann is still no better known than that of any other woman.

THE MANY BIOGRAPHERS of the late Sir Henry Irving are welcome to this anecdote, which I hope I have not before related. I first met Irving in the bar of a London theater when he was less renowned than afterward. We were introduced by Henry Sampson, who was addicted to the saying of imaginative and embarrassing things. After speaking our names he added, "One of our foremost actors." The Father of Mischief put it into my head that this referred to me and was one of Sampson's jokes, for I knew nothing of Irving. So I said to the latter, "Mr. Sampson is facetious." Mr. Irving appeared to think otherwise.

SINCE UPTON SINCLAIR'S "The Jungle" there has been no such "compelling" contribution to the sense of smell as Maxim Gorky's "The Spy." Like the atmosphere in which the hero of the former book acquired his unspeakable nickname, the spirit of the other is "haunting"; it gets into the reader's mind, his character, his morals, and his clothing—"pervades and regulates the whole." All of which Messrs. Sinclair and Gorky doubtless regard with pride as proof of their power. They certainly are strong writers, and might properly be rewarded by making them Knight Companions of the Inefficacious Bath. Like the famous *drei-*

mannervain of Grünberg, a novel by either of these worthies is a three-man affair, for it takes three men to manage it—one to do the reading, the others to stand by and hold his nose.

"THE SPRINGS OF ACTION itself, as well as its determination, are lodged in the sensibility, which is not mere passivity, but potency itself, interpenetrated by intelligence. Thought is but one form of it; in it reside curiosity, passion, desire, and it is specialized in varied forms of apprehension, from sensation to the highest reach of the imagination. The whole physical organism as related to the world about it, which it seizes upon for nourishment, upon which it reacts in a complex economy"—enough, enough! That is not a "song without sense"; it is the noise made by the editor of a leading magazine in proving that stories in which nothing occurs are the best stories. Read it backward and you will see.

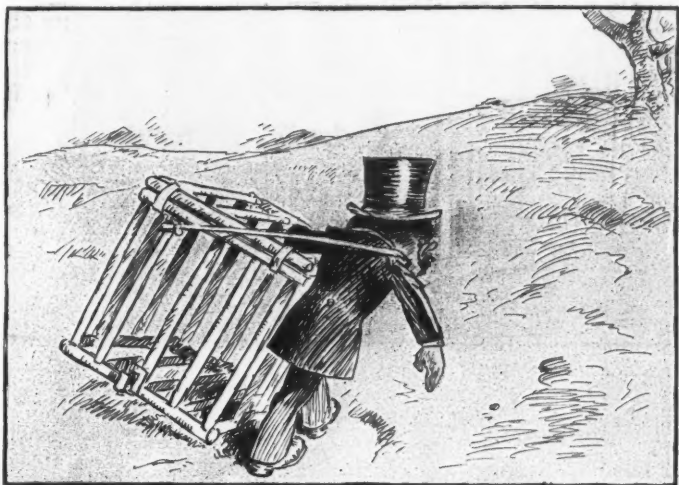
THE HARDEST EXPERIMENT on human credulity that has been made in this country since Locke's famous "moon hoax" is Mr. Hamlin Garland's "The Shadow World." If Mr. Garland had not vouched for the truth of what he relates and for the credibility of his witnesses (whom he does not name), and if his original editor did not state that the similar and supporting narratives of others were backed up by affidavits (unpublished), I should venture to ask Mr. Garland where he expects to go to when we have the unhappiness to "miss him on the accustomed hill." It is sad, so sad!

PUBLICATION OF MR. GARLAND'S preposterous yarns in a magazine did good in one way. The wide attention that they took, and the snowstorm of similar yarns that nearly obliterated the magazine, proved that interest in the supernatural is one of the fundamental and universal elements of human character, and some of us who write fiction addressing that element are not so great fools as we look. If the editor of the magazine referred to knows it now—well, that is something that it is good for an editor to know.

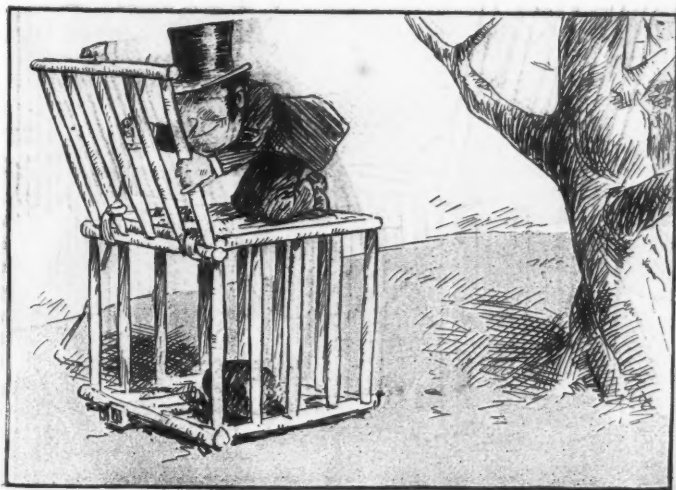
SCANNING THE LITERARY HORIZON one may note a long, low, black schooner in the offing. It is the "historical novel" coming up again from the under sea. I'm for the hills!

"Who Laughs Last—"

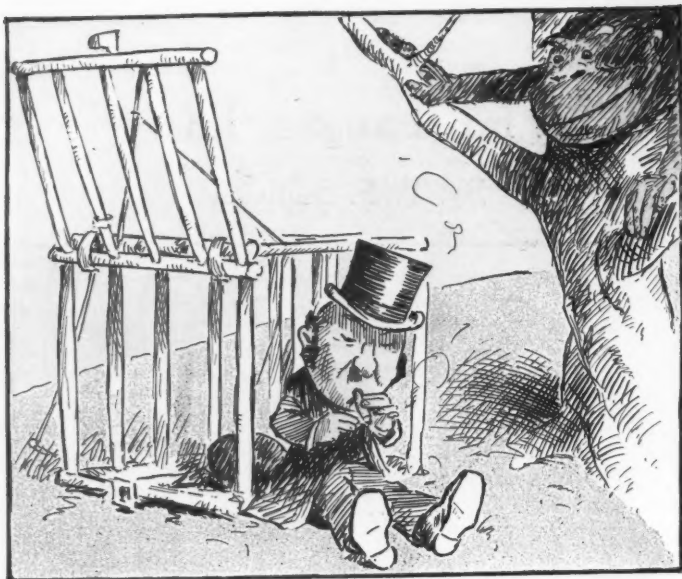
By T. S. Sullivant



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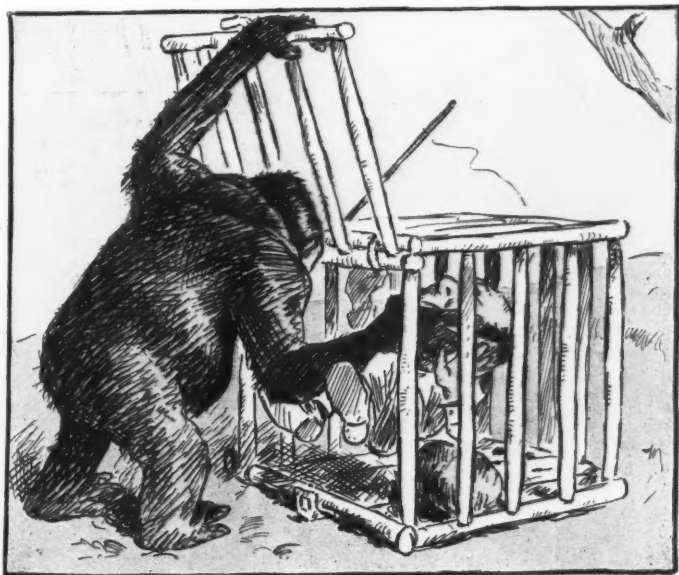
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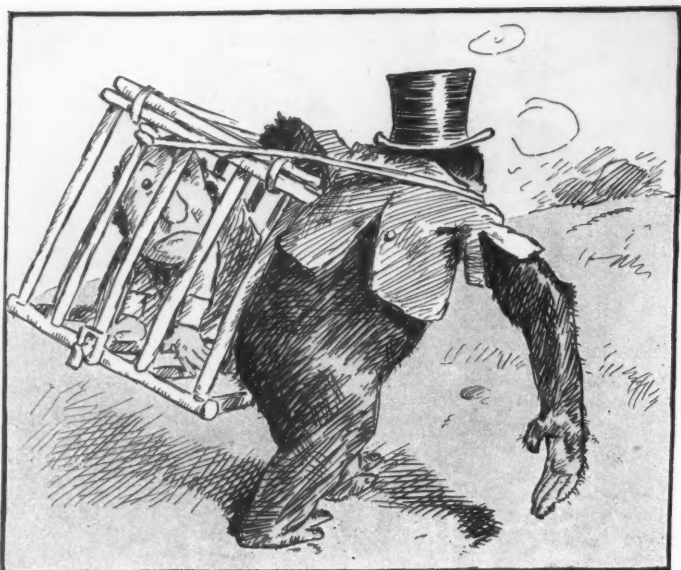
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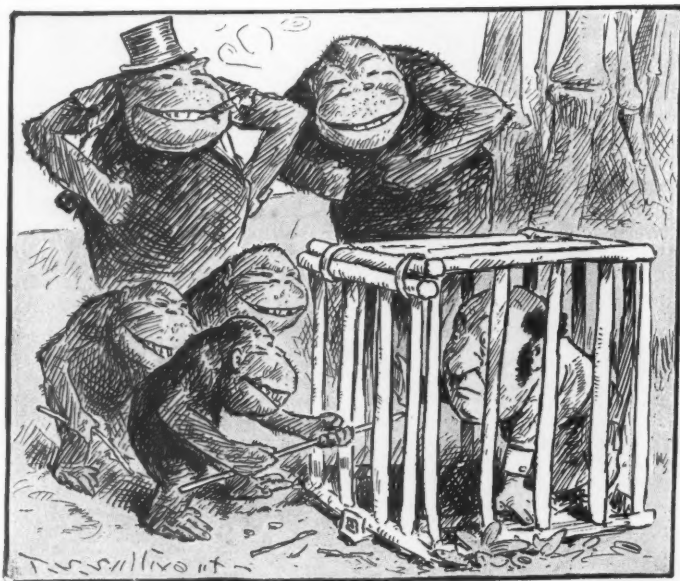
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VI



VII



VIII

"LESSER BREEDS WITHOUT THE LAW"



Drawings by Horace Taylor



By Little Johnny



THARE was me an Billy an Uncle Ned, an we went a fishin. Uncle Ned he sed, "Johnny, you catch the trowts an me an Billy we wil catch the basses. Thats wot is ment by the divition of labor, wich is the hiest achiefment of sivilzation."

But the fishes thay wudent bite, and bime by Uncle Ned he sed a uther time, Uncle Ned did, "I ges them trowts and basses is stil in a state of barberism, like the Hindoos, a bout wich I wil tel you a little story.

"One time wen I was in Injy I seen a ole Hindoo a settin close to the Gangee River, an as I cum up behine him I spoke up, reel polite, and sed 'Wot luck, ole man?'

"He didnt moov nor say a word, so I sed a uther time, 'How many fish have you catched since the last one?'

"But the ole feller he kep on sayin nuthin, and that made me hopin mad, cos it was disrespeckfle. So I showedt, 'You gum dasted ole je-ranium, if you dont be sivil to a gentman wich is sivil to you, Ile kick you in to the river!'

"Jest then a bout ten thousen hunderd uther Hindoo fellers, wich had a camp near by, thay came a boilin out of their tents and made for me, a yellin like thay was cats an a brandishin long crookid stickers! Seein I cudent brake through without loosing my temper an maybe doin them a injry, I took a hedder in to the river for to disappoint them of their pra. Wen I puld myself out on the other side I see a wite man from Illinoy, an ast him if thare wasent no good maners on Injys



coral strand. The wite man he looked at me mity sollem out of his eys, the wite man did, an bime by he sed:

"The man wich you spoke to so afable is the great Mullygawny

Jamsquott Jobbernowl, the sacredest persen in Bengol. He has set thare that way for sixty 5 years with out speakin a word or moovin so much as a i lash, and is fed with a hoze by fifty princes and 4 hunderd preests.'

"I sed, 'I thot he was out for fish.'

"The man from Illinoy he sed: 'Fish yure gran mother! That is a optickle allusion. His job is to subdew the ellimentle forces of nachure to peecefulness by contemplatin his big to in divine, eternle com. If he wank his i, or twicht the musles of his chin, the Gangee wude flo backard an drownd the world! He is so holy that it is hangin to speak to him.'

"An that is wy I am back agin in the land of the fre."

But if I was a Hindoo I rather be a Crist-chen, like me an my mother, but my father he is a Repubcan. The Bible it ses ol heethens shal be casted down a steep place in to the se.

One time Jack Brily, the whicked sailer, wich swares an chews tobacko and evry thing, he was to our hous, an my mother she ast him wot denomnation did he belong to. Jack he scratcht his hed a long time, reel thotfle, an then he sed, "Wen I was a land luber I was a Infiddle, but wen I took to follerin the se I joind the Buckaneers."

"Lesser Breeds Without the Law"



My mother she sed,
"Wot doctrin do thay
beleev in?" an Jack he
sed, "We dont doctor
eny boddy much—jest
bleedin, an a litle gentle
xercise wolkin the
plank."

Then my mother she
sed we was ol yuman
beings, xcept the Mor-
mens, an she gessed mebbly the Buckaneers
was prety good fokes. But my sisters yung
man he ses Jack is a Hard Shel Mendaci-
tarian.

Uncle Ned he knows evry thing wich is in
the world, an one day he sed: "Johnny, I have
got a other one a bout wen Mister Pitchel
was a mitionary preacher. One time he went
to Gagabombo under the ospices of the
Brittish guvment, for to spred the lite. He
had a prety hard time for a wile, but after he
had converted the king he was ol rite an lived
on the fat of the hi potamus. One day he was
preechin to a big congation of the natif nig-
gers, wen a grate big black feller began for
to thro rocks. Mister Pitchel he dodged 3 or
4our, then he arose hisself up an sed,

"If the militent brother of a other denom-
nation wil subdu his zeal long enough for me to
pronounch the bennidiction Ile go out side an
brake the bred of life to him til he has got a
pain in his lap and sounds the lowd alarm!"



"But the militent brother he jest hove a
other rock. Then the king he arised to his
feets an sed, 'Since the cleesiasticle powers
is unable to secure peece on erth, we wil try
wot the seckuler arm can do with them wich
sets in the seats of the scorner an don't set
stil.'

"Then the king he swang his big war club
and busted the scorn fellers hed. You never
have see sech a mess!"

"Gagabombo is now one of the britest
juels in King Edwards crown. It suports 2
thousen mitionary preachers, and evry year
of grace consumes nine hunderd tuns of
Brittish glas beads and sends to London
7teen million pairs of
ephalent tushes for to
make bilyard balls."

But if Billy had ben
thare he wud sed to the
king of the natif niggers,
"You notty feller, you
have broke the law, cos
rocks isent a cappitle
ofence!"

An then Billy wuld
hav shedded the kings goar an made a elek-
tion for President. Kings is dirty lofers and
wen thay are smoted on one cheek we are
comanded to turn to the other.

Pigs cheeks soused is mity good, but
oxes tails made in to soop is the king of
beests.



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